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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — April 10, 1971, 50 cents

The FBI Story

"How is it possible that an agency astute enough to keep close tabs on some professor's mail and long distance calls can't even guard its own files?"

The Editors

Mao's Revolution —*Edgar Snow*

Withholding War Taxes —*Peter Barnes*

The Life Party —*Nicholas Johnson*

Letters from Ike —*Reed Whittemore*

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2.
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Stealing from the Poor

It's springtime, hey, nonny, nonny, and with the first robin comes Form 1040. While you struggle with your income tax reflect that 56 persons with adjusted gross incomes of a million or more paid no taxes the last time. They found nice loopholes.

The American tax structure is the greatest money-gathering machine ever invented, and it's breaking down. It is breaking down because it is unfair and regressive and inadequate. The graduated income tax that comes due April 15 has a good measure of "progressivity" in it: that is, it taxes according to ability to pay. But state and local taxes are overwhelmingly "regressive": that is, they put a bigger burden on the poor than on the rich in relation to income. (A three percent sales tax on a loaf of bread is harder on the poor widow with three children than on the banker.) Overall, American taxes are getting steadily more regressive, says Brookings Institution tax expert Joseph Pechman.

The disparity between rich and poor in America goes to the heart of most of our social ills. And there, too, latest figures show the gap isn't shrinking. For instance, the slice of national income that the lowest fifth got was four percent in 1947. It was still four percent in 1968.

The "Tax Reform Act of 1969" closed only a few loopholes. The government is levying more and more payroll taxes, mostly regressive. Taxes are inadequate and we can't recall a time when this was more conspicuous. Governors have been to the White House; they're broke. Mayors have come; they're broke too. And the Treasury is running a big deficit; "revenue-sharing," as Wilbur Miller says, means deficit-sharing. There would be plenty of money if Washington hadn't cut taxes six times in the past 16 years, costing 25 to 30 billion dollars. The dirty little secret which nobody wants to utter is that we've got to have more taxes. Actually, compared to most European countries the USA federal-state-local tax take is low. Of course, we could spend less money on trips to the moon, arms competition, and wars in Vietnam. Knocking the SST on the head was the first clear sign in Washington that the taxpayers may really want to retrench a bit.

But it is terribly difficult to reorder priorities in this quaint capital where everybody has a vote. And in the meantime practically every social reform you can mention bumps into the same dead end: no money. This is not a theory, it's a condition – cities, for example, are actually curtailing schools, police, trash collection. Money must be found.

Theoretically it should be easy. Why can't states, for example, impose graduated income taxes? Some of them have, but only a few. If they voted progressive taxes they could stay away from Washington! But who wants to raise taxes; governors know there's no quicker way to leave office. And why shouldn't Washington bail them out? Everybody hates Washington anyway; Mr. Nixon apparently is going to run for reelection in 1972 on a hate-federal-bureaucracy ticket. Let Uncle Sam do the mean job, and then blame him.

Or we could plug tax loopholes. How easy it sounds! Congressman Reuss (D, Wis) figures that dropping the oil depletion allowance and other loopholes for the fat petroleum companies, would raise $2 billion. Loopholes are subsidies; they should be called that. MIT professor Herbert Gans has a jolly idea; writing in the *NYTimes* the other day, he cheerfully proposed that we should relabel tax loopholes: the oil depletion allowance would be "Oil Producers Public Assistance Program"; there would be "Tobacco Growers' Dole"; "Aid to Sick and Dependent Airlines"; and "Tax Relief for Purchasers of Tax-Exempt bonds."

Tax-expert Pechman figures that if all unnecessary producer subsidies were eliminated, along with exemptions given mainly to the rich and super-rich, the government would get $25 billion more a year. My! Distributed to low-income groups that sum would end poverty in America. Yes, end it. There are 25.7 million technically "poor" people (below $3800 for a family of four), and they would all be brought above the poverty line.

We doubt if it'll be done. Instead, we expect Mr. Nixon to come through next year with a gaudy proposal for a fairly painless, regressive, nationwide sales tax (called "value added" tax) that will be the wonder of 1972. It will perpetuate the gap between rich and poor for years to come.

The value-added tax has two great beauties: it's a gusher for revenue, and it's almost impossible to evade. A one percent tax would raise $5 billion. And it was invented in France, where even those notoriously reluctant citizens can't escape it.

The name comes because a percentage of the tax is added to the cost of a product at each stage of manufacture or distribution, based on work- or value-added. It is self-policing; each level jealously makes sure that the level below is fully taxed, to keep its own addition down. Ultimately the whole burden is dumped on the consumer. Or, if a finished article is for export, the government slyly remits the tax, giving a fine concealed subsidy in world markets.

The tax is now standard for France and other common market nations, and in Scandinavia and Japan. This past week the British government announced that they, too, will install it in 1973.

Americans fulfill their annual vernal tax rite of self-immolation more heroically than any other people Theoretically that's fine; it makes us a little proud. But it's eroding. When Secretary Connally took over the Treasury, Mr. Nixon's first directive was to "review" the tax structure "from A to Z." Connally said recently that value added "is receiving continuing study." Stronger hints come out. Social reformers are in despair. They know how easy it will be for politicians to let affluent contributors enjoy their loopholes while they soak middle-income and poor people with a concealed sales tax that increases the cost of living.

I asked Arthur Okun, top LBJ economist, what he thought of value-added recently. "I am unequivocally opposed to it in any shape or form; it is a lousy tax," he said adamantly.

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The FBI Story

We learned to despise informers recruited by government, when those governments were "fascist" or "communist." We were revolted by tales of youngsters spying on their elders, of phones tapped, mail intercepted, knocks on the door (no warrants), wholesale secret surveillance, police dossiers of allegations about suspected "subversives." We called it a police state.

The evening of March 8, 1971 (the night of the Ali-Frazier fight) an anonymous group calling itself the Citizens' Commission to Investigate the FBI removed documents from the Media, Pennsylvania FBI offices – more than a thousand according to the Justice Department, though how many more than a thousand we are not told. (The agent who ran the office will shortly take up residence in Atlanta, Georgia, after his 30 days suspension without pay.) Copies were distributed. The *Boston Globe* and *The Washington Post,* to whom they had been sent, selectively published or paraphrased the documents, generally leaving out names and other identifying material. Attorney General Mitchell appealed to the press (though he didn't attempt to get an injunction) not to publish what they had received – in the interests of internal and national security and for the protection of agents and informants. The Justice Department said that this selection from the files gave a misleading account of the FBI's work and served only to discredit the Bureau. For example, it claimed that a report on a Philadelphia-area college professor was simply part of the FBI's general efforts to apprehend two women involved in a Boston bank holdup in which a policeman was killed.

Six of the documents are about black groups. In one instance, J. Edgar Hoover ordered "discreet, preliminary inquiries" (beginning November 4, 1970) into "all BSUs (Black Student Unions) and similar organizations organized to project the demands of black students, *which are not presently under investigation.*" (italics added) Since BSUs "and similar groups . . . are targets for influence and control by violence-prone Black Panther (BPP) and other extremists," the directive continued, the "increased campus disorders involving black students pose a definite threat to the Nation's stability and security." Mr. Hoover could not "overemphasize the importance of expeditious, thorough, and discreet handling of these cases. The violence, destruction, confrontations, and disruptions on campuses make it mandatory

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that we utilize to its capacity our intelligence-gathering capabilities." Agents were instructed to gather up everything they could and within the month "determine the size, aims, purposes, activities, leadership, key activists, and extremist interest or influence in these groups," all this to be done "carefully . . . [so] as to avoid criticism." The surveillance would cover "junior colleges and two-year colleges as well as four-year colleges."

The National Black Economic Conference is the subject of an earlier memo. Talks with the cashier and head of the computer center of the bank at which the NBEC kept a checking account are recorded. Through them, the FBI got microfilm copies of checks drawn on the account and copies of the NBEC's bank statements. The informer apologized that their computer system couldn't give "the nature and source of deposits and credits to this account." Bell Telephone handed over the names of the subscribers to the NBEC's phones. Brief summaries of several days of phone tapping were included.

Two other memos (one from "a source who has furnished reliable information in the past") describe meetings of black community and church groups (with the names listed of all who attended except for "three or four unidentified people") and routine organizational discussions. (Mr. X "will be Chairman . . . as this is the best way to have his name before the public.") A local chief of police reports on conversations held between local college officials, the state police, and the Bureau concerning student violence that might follow the presentation of nonnegotiable demands by the college's Afro Students' Society. Since it was thought that the students would "take whatever steps they feel necessary," full police arrangements were being snapped in place to put down the revolution whenever it came. The names of all the members of the society were freely given to the Bureau.

Then there is a call for "all agents" (in this case 185) to prepare for the first convention of NABS (National Association of Black Students) by having "logical [*i.e.*, black] informants . . . locate NABS chapters and representatives" and by "having informants in a logical position to do so, attend the convention." Not only are agents instructed to find "logical informants" to deal with the "violence-prone" blacks, but "in view of current international situation and the Paris Peace talks" they must spy on pacifists – the Conference of War Resisters International at Haverford, Pa., in August 1969 – and "determine events connected with captioned conference." Fifteen agents ("*be most discreet* in handling the matter") are "through established sources only [to] make inquiry . . . to determine its scope and whether or not there are any indications it will generate any anti-US propaganda" and to make "efforts . . . to have informants and sources attend the conference."

When investigating travelers in Russia, agents must move warily, so that "the motives of the Bureau . . . not be construed as infringements of the American educational system and the pursuit of intellectual freedom." The assignment here is to keep watch on all "individuals who meet the criteria of student, professor, or scientist who visited the USSR for at least one month . . . [and] who have not previously been investigated." The purpose is to "ascertain if any attempts have been made by the Soviet Intelligence Services to recruit the individual for intelligence service either in the USSR or after his return to the United States." "The individual" is to be impressed with "the importance of immediately notifying the Bureau of any Soviet attempt to contact him."

Another travel document is a copy of a letter (dated November 4, 1970) sent by a professor of physics at a Western university to the Soviet Embassy inquiring how he and a group of explorer scouts he masters can travel about Russia freely, camping, filming, and meeting their "counterparts." Does the FBI intercept domestic mail on its way to the Russian Embassy, or does it have its own man inside feeding the good things out? Is the letter written in English not because "I don't have a Russian typewriter," but because not every FBI office can read Russian? Or are we to understand that the scoutmaster is offering his trip, his troop, and their cameras to the FBI? Or is he already an agent, having gotten his troop together for some clandestine purpose? Finally, why does Media, Pa., worry about this matter?

Two further documents offer quite full accounts of investigations carried out on the Philadelphia-area college professor to whom we referred earlier, and on a San Francisco-area college student who had been tagged by WF 1577-S in the East as "an inveterate Marxist revolutionist," "far out," a person who "should be watched." So she is watched. We learn where she lives, with whom, her major (Greek), that she has not been in trouble with the local or campus police, that she attended a meeting of the Venceremos Brigade in Oakland the summer of 1970, that her application to the Fourth Contingent of the Brigade was turned down, that she is completely unknown to "SF 3427-PSI, who is familiar with radical activities in the East Bay Area," and that "SF 2231-S (reliable – protect)," who spoke with her at the meeting of the Brigade (during which "there was no discussion of violence or revolution"), puts her down as one of your "average liberal minded students that are common in the . . . area." So the San Francisco office "is not submitting a summary report at this time" and the "subject is not being recommended for inclusion on the Security Index" – until such time as WF 1577-S can be precise about why he thinks her "far out."

The college professor is a more serious matter. He

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was being staked out because of the possibility that the two women involved in Boston's joint radical/ex-con bank robbery/cop killing might end up on his doorstep, per reliable Boston informant. So the FBI got in touch with his college's security officer, who gave a brief rundown on the professor and his family (and got it wrong, wrong number of children, wrong number of cars). A neighbor noted that "numerous college students visit [the professor's house] frequently" and promises to "remain alert in his neighborhood for the possible appearance" of the subjects. The chief switchboard operator at the college ("conceal identity due to position at school") volunteered that the professor "is generally regarded as 'radical' " for inviting controversial speakers [Panthers] to the campus without clearing this with others, for conducting open discussions on controversial topics without clearing it with the school administration. She reported that he had not made a long distance call in the last month but that from now on she will "confidentially furnish pertinent information regarding any long distance telephone calls made or received" and "remain alert for any information concerning" the subjects. The local chief of police, we learn, lives only "two houses away," so "he can observe the [professor's] residence from the front of his house." The Chief's only contact with subject has been to break up a rock festival held last summer in the professor's back yard, but his well-situated house allows him to know that the professor's "garage . . . has been converted into a printing shop . . . hous[ing] enough equipment to publish a newspaper"; "he does not know that a newspaper is published there, but he is keeping a close eye on the garage to ascertain what activity takes place there"; "a leaflet was printed there several months ago" calling "for support for [Panthers] scheduled for trial in 1970"; " 'hippie types' frequent the garage." The Chief ends with a promise to "remain especially alert for the appearance of the subjects." The local postmaster and through him the letter carrier promise to "remain alert to any mail to or from the [professor's] residence which might be significant in this case." A pretty good day's work for the FBI, though its pertinence to the bank robbery might be questioned.

Finally, as if not busied enough by all the New Left events it must cover, the FBI held its own New Left conference and in Media, Pennsylvania, at least, got into publishing its own New Left Notes (Edition #1, September 16, 1970), to "be produced at irregular intervals as needed to keep those persons dealing with New Left problems up to date in an informal way." Much activity: "The Director has okayed PSI's and SI's [Paid Student Informants and Student Informants, though the Justice Department has denied this without revealing its equivalent translation] age 18 to 21. We have been blocked from this critical age group in the past. Let us take advantage of this opportunity." It is easier, we are told, to pay a PSI less than "$300 in a lump sum or per month" than more because it can be handled at a lower echelon. A "pretty general consensus" is reported, "that more interviews with these subjects and hangers-on are in order for plenty of reasons, chief of which are it will enhance the paranoia endemic in these [New Left] circles and will further serve to get the point across there is an FBI Agent behind every mailbox. In addition, some will be overcome by the overwhelming personalities of the contacting agent and volunteer to tell all – perhaps on a continuing basis."

This is the all-American FBI story, with friends and neighbors willing, eager, to play bit roles (perhaps it's those overwhelming personalities). After the Bureau breezed through one Philadelphia-area college town of a winter's day it had its newly found allies watching the "radical" professor's house, reading his mail, monitoring his long distance phone calls. Some do it for money. Others for reflected glory. Meanwhile the Citizens Commission to Investigate the FBI states that it will shortly "contact a first group of these previously undercover agents and suggest they cease their repressive actions if they have not already done so. . . . We will then inform those individuals and organizations against whom these agents were operating. . . . Following that, we will make the names of the first group of agents public." Perhaps the Commission could also find out for us what the FBI was up to when it sent one of its agents last October to flash his credentials before Mrs. George Clarke of Hampton, Virginia, and warn this mother of a prisoner in Vietnam not to try and seek information about her son through the Committee of Liaison, a peace group Hanoi has used to relay news of POWs.

Not all police investigations can be made in broad daylight. Where there is plausible evidence of crime committed or intended (as in kidnapping cases, to take the most obvious example), suspects have to be followed and evidence gathered to support or refute suspicion. But when there's an ossified police bureaucracy run by an autocrat, when the cop at the top can't draw and walk the fine line between getting information a government needs in order to govern wisely, and getting it for Big Brother, he ought to be fired by the President. Hoover should go. Pending that unlikely Presidential dismissal, however, Senator Sam Ervin's subcommittee on Constitutional Rights ought to pursue its investigation into how the FBI collects its information, why, and what it does with it. It ought to study these thousand or so FBI documents, and others, for whatever light they shed on the state of our liberties and our rights to privacy, and it should ask how it is that an agency astute enough to keep close tabs on some professor's mail and long distance calls can't even guard its own files.

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Policing the Peace

Harsh experience has taught the Israelis to distinguish between formal and effective guarantees of their security. Sharm el Sheikh is a case in point. This "little piece of sand," as the Israeli foreign minister calls it, controls the Gulf of Aqaba, thus Israeli access to its major port, Elat. Elat is the receiving station for oil, the funnel through which Israel's economy is fueled. Mr. Abba Eban notes that "whether the Negev is a parched wilderness or an area of development – that depends on whether we have certainty of maritime outlet. Our relations with the developing states of East Africa and of Asia, the totality of some of our most vital supplies – all this depends on that little piece of territory."

In 1956, the Israelis took over Sharm el Sheikh from the Egyptians. But after considerable pressure by the United States, Israeli forces withdrew, on January 22, 1957, to be replaced by a United Nations force, which patroled the area for a decade. On demand of Nasser, May 18, 1967, the UN force was withdrawn by U Thant and the Egyptians moved back in. Five days later, the UAR closed the Straits to Israeli shipping and warned that any planes flying nearby would be shot down. Then on June 7, Sharm el Sheikh was reoccupied by the Israelis, where they are today, to the bitter regret of the Arabs and the mild annoyance of some officials in Washington.

It is not hard to appreciate why the Israelis will not leave Sharm el Sheikh unless and until a formula can be devised and agreed upon which does more than salute the principle of "freedom of navigation through international waters in the area," to which the UN resolution of 1967 refers. The Israelis do not demand sovereignty over Sharm el Sheikh and the road leading to it. They do demand guarantees that are more dependable than those that collapsed in 1967. One possibility is a long-term lease of Sharm el Sheikh. Another is demilitarization policed by a UN force in which an Israeli contingent is substantial. The latter point is cardinal, for the Israelis are not again going to put themselves in a position where their security depends on the willingness of the Irish or the Scandinavians to fight if agreements are broken. It would also have to be accepted that the UN presence could not be removed without unanimous consent of the participants, though any one participant could withdraw at will.

Any such UN force should include some Soviet and US personnel. That possibility appears to find favor with Secretary of State Rogers and judging from Mr. Brezhnev's address last week to the 24th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, it may not be unacceptable to the Russians, who seem prepared to join other permanent members of the Security Council "in providing international guarantees for a political settlement in the Middle East." There are obvious advantages to tying the Russians to a peacekeeping arrangement, so that they're not in a position of standing off and sniping at it. A renewal of hostilities is no more in their interest than it is in America's (or Israel's or Egypt's). Senator Henry Jackson is talking nonsense when he says that such an international presence in Sharm el Sheikh would be "courting disaster," and that "we should be trying to get the Russians out of the Middle East, not designing plans to dig them in." The Russians *are* dug in. What is to be worked for is a peace agreement, the enforcement of which becomes a shared responsibility.

Disowned

One group of young professionals has taken seriously the slogan, "work within the system." In the past few years thousands of young lawyers have developed a variety of new specialties – poverty law, consumer law, Selective Service legal counseling, environmental law. Many joined the Office of Economic Opportunity's Legal Services Program, some established "public interest" law firms of their own, others who worked for "establishment" law firms won the right to do a substantial amount of *pro bono publico* work on company time.

One of those "public interest" firms was the Urban Law Institute, headed by Mrs. Jean Camper Cahn, who, along with her husband, Edgar Cahn, was the architect of the OEO program to provide legal assistance to the poor. The federal antipoverty agency has committed more than $1 million to the ULI. Both OEO officials and independent evaluators repeatedly have praised the work that has been done. Nevertheless, the project's official sponsor, George Washington University's National Law Center, has decided to abandon it on the grounds that its administrators cannot adequately supervise Mrs. Cahn's activities.

A major component of the ULI program (to which George Washington University says it has no objections) has been an effort to bring about curriculum reform in the nation's law schools. ULI has campaigned for a "clinical" approach which allows students to "learn by doing" through the filing of public interest law suits. This is not the traditional "clinical" technique of assigning students to assist an isolated welfare recipient here or a lone shopkeeper there. Instead, it has relied heavily on "class action" suits and cases designed to set sweeping precedents, and that, says one George Washington University administrator, "is a very controversial concept."

ULI has stepped on some big toes. It took on the

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District of Columbia Committee of the House of Representatives when that group decided to make public confidential school records (poor examination papers, attendance records) and the names of the children and their parents. A federal judge ordered a halt to the distribution of that report as a result of ULI's action. Similarly, ULI served as counsel to Washington, DC, black leaders who challenged the license renewal of a major television station in the city. (The Federal Communications Commission rejected the challenge; an appeal is pending in the courts.) A new ULI court case alleges that the federal and DC governments discriminate against poor and black residents of the city's Anacostia section by giving them far inferior municipal services than those received by the wealthier, predominantly white residents of Northwest Washington.

In the courts and before the regulatory commissions, ULI and other young public-interest lawyers have compelled food processors, auto manufacturers, television station owners, slumlords, cigarette makers, mass transit companies, advertising agencies, real estate developers, detergent manufacturers and steel companies to explain why and how they have failed the public interest. It all has been done under the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure. Not a rock has been thrown, not a fire lit. The lawyers have beat the "establishment" at its own game by devising innovative ways to use the "rule of law" to bring about social change. They thought the challenge to "work within the system" was made in good faith.

The Urban Law Institute will have to find a new sponsor – and potential donors are not waiting in line – or it will fold in mid-summer.

Off the Rails

The National Railroad Passenger Corporation, created by Congress last year to rescue intercity trains and the freight-minded railroads from each other, has affirmed as policy that the way to save the service is to chop it in half. As if that were not enough, the new "Railpax" corporation went about the job of pruning with a keen eye for important political bases to offend: it has managed to stretch a train all the way across Montana, Senator Mike Mansfield reported in an outraged speech, without hitting one of the state's six largest cities; it has aroused Senator Hugh Scott, the Republican leader, by eliminating the Buffalo and Cleveland connections that made Pennsylvania an important crossroads; but surely the height of Railpax's temerity was wiping the Baltimore and Ohio track between Washington and Chicago right off the passenger map, including the key Cumberland, Md. station so dear to the heart and so close to the district of Representative Harley O. Staggers of West Virginia, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee in which Railpax was hatched. Accordingly the Railpax service offering, scheduled to become effective on May 1, has been welcomed with a rough abuse – too rough at times to be credible, coming from the very man who wrote the Railpax law.

The new service will be skeletal – precisely 184 trains a day linking 114 cities on 21 basic routes, or less than one percent of the trains available in the best days of intercity service more than 40 years ago. The old Pennsylvania Railroad was running more intercity trains in 1957 than the entire Railpax system will run after May 1; the new network is being built to accommodate fewer than a third of the daily passengers that ride the single Takaido line in Japan.

Railpax is the ambivalent product of political forces that neatly match the powerfully different kinds of public sentiment about trains. Congress was intent on stabilizing service and was willing to pay operating subsidies to the private railroads if necessary to do that. The Nixon Administration was eager to relieve the railroad industry of its crippling passenger losses (conservatively counted at over $200-million for 1959) but determined also that the government not get stuck with the same tab. The result was legislation that limits the initial subsidy to a paltry $40 million and declares Railpax a "for-profit corporation," but also, in direct contradiction, invites the annual reports to specify "the amount of financial assistance needed for operations and capital improvements."

With no other business but passengers, the corporation has every incentive to succeed. Its route map, for all its gaps (Cleveland and Toledo will have no intercity service at all) saves four transcontinental routes, more than could ever be expected to pay their own way; it protects all the important short-haul carriers against erosion or highway conversion; and it includes a sufficient variety of intermediate routes to test all the marketing possibilities. (It will be easy to go back into Cleveland, for example, if the response elsewhere is encouraging. In the meantime, Penn Central service to Cleveland has been so miserable and patronage has dropped so low that the interruption of trains will hardly be noticed.) In the dense Northeast Corridor between Washington, New York and Boston, the corporation is committed to major expansion of service – possibly hourly trains by the fall. The initial contraction of today's already depleted schedule may mean hardship for some railroad workers but it will also allow Railpax to get the worst equipment off the tracks, spread the best available rolling stock around and show an immediate improvement in service almost everywhere.

Cities, states and regional combinations can get extra service if they are willing to pay two-thirds of

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the deficit incurred, a refreshing contrast to the Treasury handouts and passenger-ticket cross-subsidies that sustain air service on unprofitable routes. If the citizens of Montana believe that additional rail service is vital over the Northern Pacific route through Billings and Missoula, they will pay for it.

Railpax's resistance to an early overextension may have been prudent. Trains, after all, can be as much of an emotional trap as supersonic transports, with their different but comparable mystique of a technological imperative and a wider reserve of public affection than the SST had to play on. As it is, Railpax is asking the marketplace and the nation's local and regional political bodies to decide who wants train service, what price it is worth and whether there are other ways to fill the need. At this point it seems an admirably rational test.

No Complaint Department

The President is engaged in a dual exercise with the news media, simultaneously discrediting adverse press and television coverage of his affairs, and doing everything that he and his assistants can think of to use the media for his advantage. Vice President Agnew's renewed attacks upon TV reportage are crude and obvious manifestations of a performance that has the look of a carefully programmed campaign. Communications director Herbert Klein furthers the campaign when he says that he and other Nixon assistants learned of a recent Agnew outburst "at the last hour" and revives the myth that the Vice President is "a free agent." HUD Secretary George Romney tells the National Association of Broadcasters that the President is not getting "a square break" and challenges the media to give him more credit than he has been accorded for seeking peace in Paris and withdrawing American troops from Vietnam. Mr. Nixon's personal contribution is more subtle. "Understand," he says in the unprecedented solo interview with Howard K. Smith of ABC, "I am not complaining about my treatment from the press." In the same interview, and nine times in a half-hour press conference, he suggests that the media's errors of fact and judgment are inevitable and forgivable and that, the nature of the beast being what it is, the public must comprehend that it will get the straight Nixon story only when it comes straight from him over television. He accuses a CBS reporter who had broadcast a mistaken report of perpetrating "a little lie" and then says, "when I call it a lie, that is unfair. Because, after all, the man just probably had the wrong information. I am always very charitable to my friends."

Turn off the Faucet

The Commander-in-Chief won, narrowly, when Democrats in the House caucus last week debated two-and-a-half hours and finally decided what their official position on Indochina should be. The caucus had before it a proposal calling for a total US troop withdrawal by no later than December 31, 1971; it rejected it. No one any longer openly defends the war. Hawk strategy has become one of delaying action, leaving the President free to maneuver in or out, to speed up withdrawals on a timetable scheduled to disarm his opponents (but not the North Vietnamese), while he simultaneously finances, ferries and equips the South Vietnamese military so that *it* can carry on the fight.

As a substitute for the resolution demanding disengagement by the end of this year, Rep. Richard Bolling (Mo.) and John H. Dent (Pa.) put forward to the Democratic caucus their amendment to strike any reference to a fixed date and substitute a "date certain." That is the formula adopted by the Senate Democratic caucus, and the "date certain" is interpreted to mean no later than the life of the 92nd Congress, which is to say the end of 1972. The Bolling-Dent motion to substitute was adopted 101-100, after which their resolution was approved by about two to one. Good news for Nixon, bad news for those who are fed up with a war that has cost the US over $115 billion since 1965, killed over 900,000 and wounded as many more.

Accelerated withdrawals are fine, but they will not get us out of Indochina. They will not liberate the POWs. When we're free of the war, the prisoners will be free. The majority of Americans want total, not partial, disengagement, and promptly, not in 1972 – no more dollars to Thieu-Ky, no more weapons, no more advisers, no more US bombers flying from bases in Thailand or Taiwan, no more US naval shellings from the sea. Congress has begun to stir itself, but it has yet to do what it has the power to do – refuse any further appropriation for the war; reach out and turn off the faucet; delay consideration of Presidential programs that can wait until there's peace.

Calley and Company

The closing arguments at the court-martial of Lt. William Calley sounded like America arguing with itself. Calley's aging defense counsel, George Latimer, talking like the warrior he was (he cited his World War II commands), quoted Lincoln and Tolstoi and asked the six beribboned military jurors to close ranks in old Army loyalty: "If one American lieutenant is convicted, it will sear the image of the Army beyond all recogni-

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tion. I'm proud of the US Army and it grieves me to see it being pulled apart from within." The young prosecutor, Capt. Aubrey Daniel, made an impassioned plea to the jury in the name of national morality: "The defense argument would ask you to make us no better than our enemy, to legalize murder. You are the conscience of the Army. You are the conscience of this country. Your duty in this case is clear (with finger pointed at Calley) . . . to find the accused guilty as charged." The jury did its duty as the prosecution saw it and sentenced Calley to life imprisonment at hard labor. He will be eligible for parole after 10 years, if he hasn't been pardoned before then.

For all the months of testimony, the parade of 104 witnesses, the 700 exhibits in evidence, the trial in the end became a political discussion, a mirror image of the American dilemma expressed on a filling station marquee outside Ft. Benning that proclaimed in 10-inch letters: "War is Hell. Free Lt. Calley." Calley's conservative Mormon lawyer finally seemed ready to stipulate the facts of the case: that a massacre had taken place and his client was deeply involved. What remained was simply the matter of interpretation.

In the courtroom, Latimer had portrayed the prosecution as some kind of invidious foreign-inspired plot, part of the greater conspiracy to undermine Americanism. He rued the Army's fate when "each becomes the accuser of his brother in arms." He lumped those who would single out a murderer in their own ranks with "the Manson people, the draft-dodgers, that part of our citizenry which would turn our courtrooms into barrooms." He called Calley and company "good American boys" who were "perhaps too aggressive, trying too hard." But he insisted that Calley not be held solely responsible for "the ills and vices that occurred at Mylai," because "it was not a one-man carnage." So it was carnage after all?

Most people in the country probably agree with Latimer. Train and pay an army to "search and destroy," and it will do it – up to a point. Order pilots to drop hundreds of tons of bombs on people they'll never see, and they'll do it. Calley's mail has been overwhelmingly favorable, and random polls show that outside of New York and Los Angeles, it's almost impossible to find a man-on-the-street who thinks the lieutenant committed a crime at Mylai. Unrepentant veterans all over the country tell endless tales of "wasting dinks." Yet if this war leaves the nation any lesson at all, it will be a moral one, teaching us the parts we didn't learn from Nuremberg about collective responsibility.

Two clichés can be applied with equal truth: 1 – it will be unjust if Calley alone is made to pay for Mylai; 2 – if we believe our own laws, we have to start somewhere. Since each man, whether in uniform or not, *is* his own final authority, the fact that Calley was a cog in an immense wheel does not exonerate him, but neither is the wheel exonerated by Calley's having been found guilty. The inquiry must be enlarged and carried forward by a high-level civilian tribunal. The task of that tribunal is to identify who in command of the nation knowingly authorized, encouraged and justified indiscriminate mass killing in Indochina, and to evolve a more modern definition of aggressive war. That tribunal, comparable to a British Royal Commission, ought also examine the morality of massive bombing and formulate new codes of conduct for armies that may be ordered to fight wars against whole populations. Only such an eminent, disinterested body can provide this generation and those to come with a proven catalog of crimes committed in Indochina and apportion responsibility for what has happened. If the inquiry begins and ends with the conviction of Calley, a larger injustice will have gone unexamined and unpunished, and consciences cannot rest easy.

Meo Culpa

Tragedy for the Meo tribes in Laos came unexpectedly in the bright promise of the New Frontier: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty." Whether, in January 1961, John F. Kennedy had in mind supporting an obscure former sergeant in the French army, a Meo named Vang Pao, to hold back the Communists in the hills north and east of the Mekong valley, preferably all the way to the China border, is not known. But Laos was much in the news at the time of Kennedy's inauguration. In December 1960 Gen. Phoumi Nosavan and Prince Boun Oum, in a bloody coup, had deposed the left-wing cabinet of Quinim Polsena and chased away Capt. Kong Le and his neutralists. The coup polarized factions and reopened the civil war. The Soviet Union and the US accused each other of supporting contending factions, and Eisenhower reportedly remarked to Kennedy that Laos was then a most crucial problem in foreign affairs. Now, a decade later, the Meo tribe has been decimated; an entire primitive people is facing genocide. How did it happen?

In the first year of the Kennedy era, foreign service officials from every department and agency, spurred on by the attorney general, Robert F. Kennedy, were dragooned into counterinsurgency courses at the Foreign Service Institute. The Pentagon's contribution was the doctrine of "flexible response." The President adopted the Green Berets. The Meos with CIA arms and radio training quickly became the secret toast of the town.

But by 1962 there was concern that as the number of Meo under arms reached the thousands there might

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be a sharp Communist reaction, and the US might then have the task of caring for and feeding the whole Meo population in Laos – all 400,000 of them. Averell Harriman, then assistant secretary of state for the Far East, was apprehensive, but not enough to try to stop the counterinsurgency delirium. His successor, Roger Hilsman, made it his business to approve the introduction of each rifle and round of ammunition into the Meo areas, determining which side of a given rock the Meos were to choose on a mountain trail, demonstrating his West Point training, World War II guerrilla experience and Department of State control over the operation.

CIA enjoyed its paramilitary role: for once it was safe from Pentagon "help" (read take-over). Overt, acknowledged intervention in Laos by the Pentagon would have violated the 1954 Geneva Accords. Clandestine help, on the other hand, violated only the spirit of the agreement, and both sides were playing that game. To this day the CIA has been able to maintain operational control of the Meo operation. As Communist pressures on the Meo increased and casualties rose, so did the size of US support that flowed through CIA. Well over 10,000 of "our" Meos were under arms.

William P. Bundy (now editor-designate of *Foreign Affairs*) succeeded Hilsman in 1964, and although he catnapped through the briefings, he was still the resident Laotian guerrilla expert in the Capital. McGeorge Bundy, in his fortress in the White House situation room, scheduled briefings on the situation from returning CIA officers, just in case President Johnson wanted an encouraging word. Secretaries Rusk and McNamara huddled over detail maps of Laos and on occasion planned tactical operations of regular Lao army units and Meo guerrilla bands.

The effort to build a buffer against China through the Meos pitted a primitive, tough people against the more sophisticated North Vietnamese and their local supporters, and we are now witnessing the consequences. Since 1960 "at least 40-50 percent of the men have been killed and 25 percent of the women have fallen as casualties of the war," says Senator Edward Kennedy's 1970 report on refugees. Near the CIA-supported base of Long Cheng, north and east of Vientiane, almost 200,000 Meos depend on air drops of rice (the main task of the US AID mission) for survival. They cannot return to their homes in the hills; the Communists are there. And they cannot survive on the plains because of climate and the competition from the more advanced lowland people. The whole Meo tribe is one vast refugee group.

What has this using of one Asian group to fight another for US ends taught us? Very little. Indeed, "let's you and him fight" has become formal US doctrine. ". . . We shall look to the nation directly threatened," the President said last November 3, "to assume the primary responsibility of providing the manpower for its defense." (*i.e.*, the Meo nation.) And the US, said Mr. Nixon, will furnish "military and economic assistance when requested." (*i.e.*, the CIA, the Department of State's chosen instrument for the Meo operation.) The locals supply the bodies.

Sooner or later, the peoples in the Indochina peninsula will have to bind their wounds. In the meantime, the Meo troops and their families fighting the North Vietnamese are being pushed over the mountain wall into the Mekong valley, refugees of a torn, dying culture. The question now is, as *The New York Times* recently put it, "whether the time has come to move the Meos out of the war while there are still enough men left to assure the nation's survival." It's a grim end to the first clear test of the logic of the Nixon Doctrine.

The "Antiwar" Bank

Slightly more than a year ago, the Bank of America's Isla Vista branch near the University of California in Santa Barbara was burned to the ground by student radicals. Four other branches have been bombed since. But since Isla Vista, and in large part because of it, the bank has embarked upon a youth-oriented image improvement program that is probably unique in the annals of American financial institutions. In front of youthful audiences, on and off the campuses, Bank of America officials emphasize the company's heightened sense of social responsibility. At the annual shareholders' meeting in San Francisco the other week, president A. W. Clausen scarely mentioned the bank's burgeoning profits and $30 billion resources; he dwelled instead upon its determination to aid minorities, preserve the environment (the annual report itself, Clausen proudly noted, was printed on 100 percent recycled paper) and be a "catalyst for change" in the 1970s. "Of course, profits will still be our central concern," he assured coupon-clippers in the audience, "but the Bank cannot expect to make profits – or find a meaningful use for profits – if society is crashing down upon our heads."

The Bank of America is emerging as the largest corporate opponent of the Indochina war. Two months after Isla Vista, board chairman Louis Lundborg, who looks like a cross between Stuart Symington and Wayne Morse, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that America's military involvement in Vietnam was a "tragic mistake," good neither for business nor America and the single most important cause of current unrest. Lundborg then carried his message to Rotary Clubs, peace groups and colleges. Other Bank of America executives publicly echo his sentiments. The Bank has acquired a reputation in right- and left-wing circles as "the antiwar bank," a sobriquet that has done nothing whatsoever to hinder its growth.

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Students concerned with the implications of corporate behavior find it hard to believe that a giant corporation can be opposed to the Vietnam venture when it has on its board of directors some of the nation's largest defense contractors: Roy L. Ash, president of Litton Industries and a prominent contributor to the Republican party; Najeeb Halaby, president of Pan American World Airways, which made 50 percent of its profits in 1968 from transporting men and materiel to Southeast Asia; and Ruben F. Mettler of TRW, Inc. Students ask why a bank opposed to the war would maintain five military branches and one commerical branch in South Vietnam, and make extensive loans to World Airways, Trans International Airlines, Saturn Airways and Capitol International Airways, supplemental carriers which handle about 35 percent of the transport of American troops from the West Coast to Vietnam and back.

The bank's answer is that there is no inconsistency between calling for an end to the war and seeking to profit from it, or even helping finance it. The commercial branch in Saigon serves as a depository for US government funds, deals in international trade and makes loans to Vietnamese businessmen. But there's nothing sinister or even profitable about it, Bank officials insist; it's part of the Bank's plans for a long-term postwar presence in Southeast Asia. Loans to supplemental airlines are likewise normal, profit-motivated business ventures. "We have a loan policy to take care of credit-worthy customers," Clausen explains, "and not to set ourselves up as judges of what is best for society." If this seems to contradict the newly proclaimed concept of social responsibility, Bank of America executives make it clear that they are stewards of other people's money, that they must earn dividends for their shareholders and depositors, and that to employ their momentous resources (equal to one-seventh the federal budget) as a political lever would be to usurp responsibilities that belong to elected public officials. Privately, bank officials add that it would be dangerous for a company involved in such a closely regulated industry as banking to challenge the federal government too actively.

What could the Bank of America do? Well, it could close its commercial branch in Saigon, accompanying the closure with an announcement that, if all this killing is required to open up a beachhead for American capital in South Vietnam, the Bank of America isn't interested. It could begin to withdraw financing of businesses that directly support the war. Bank officials note that with $30 billion to play around with, it's difficult to avoid putting some of that money in businesses that are war-related. There's some merit to this argument; nevertheless, the bank could put more of its resources into such peaceful investments as low-cost housing; the financial returns might not be as great, but the social dividends would do wonders for what Clausen calls "the health of the community we serve."

These were some of the ideas in the minds of a student group called the Bank of America Project that showed up at the recent stockholders' meeting with a long list of questions that boiled down to one: why doesn't the nation's largest bank put its money where its antiwar mouth is? What the students did not confront candidly was the question: how far ought lending institutions to go in applying noneconomic value judgments to investment decisions? No loans to black militants, for example, if the bank directors are white supremacists? After the students, in fairly polite terms, had made their point, Louis Lundborg in his impeccable dark blue suit, answered the narrower question by saying: "The only way to stop the war is for Congress – government officials – to do it. For any corporation to take it upon itself to withhold its support or services, that would be an act of sabotage." Stockholders present, most of them gray-haired white suburbanites, cheered.

Squawk Box

The Castagna Electronics Corporation in Brooklyn, New York, is trying to interest the cigarette people in a device that will let them continue to produce commercials despite the ban on TV and radio advertising. The invention, whose technical name is the Audio Commercial Message Repeating Unit (ACMRU) does not make use of the public's airwaves, however, and therefore does not violate the law. What it is is a talking vending machine, or rather an instrument that allows vending machines to say what's on their minds. It sits unobtrusively atop a standard vending machine and appears to be nothing more than an illuminated advertising sign. But behind the façade is a cassette tape player primed to deliver a 20-second jingle whenever anyone drops a coin into the machine.

According to its developer, the device could be programmed with old, otherwise unusable radio commercials or with something tailor-made for the ACMRU. The message can be endlessly repeated, or a completely different message can be delivered each time the machine is activated until the two-hour tape has been played and begins to repeat itself. A. Frederick Greenberg, the president of Castagna, says it would be better to use a variety of messages so customers don't get bored and people who have to work near the machines don't go out of their minds. One charm of the device, Greenberg says, is that the tapes could be recorded to do all sorts of things including delivering occasional little pitches for the business where the vending machine is located; for example, "This is Joe

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the Bartender. Now that you've got your cigarettes, come back to the bar." Conceivably the machine could be rigged so as not to release the merchandise until the message has been played, or not to allow a selection of a cigarette brand until the ACMRU has gotten in its two-cents' worth. One thing that can't be done with the machine is turn it off.

Greenberg claimed in a release to the New York financial community that there are "millions" of vending machines in the US, 250,000 of which are in "prime high-traffic areas" where many people pass by and where the machines are safe from vandals. This is his target market and already "major cigarette manufacturers" have "enthusiastically greeted" the ACMRU and "are now considering purchasing" the machines to test market the idea. The manufacturers, under Greenberg's scheme, would own the tape playing machine and pay the vending machine company a fee for marrying the two devices. With 32 "basic slots" or pigeonholes dispensing cigarette packs in an average machine, the company with the ACMRU would have the presumed competitive advantage over the others. Don't bet on it.

Greenberg stands to make money from his silly machine, so perhaps it is too much to expect for him to have any compunctions about attempting an end run around an act of Congress banning cigarette commercials. He isn't inordinately concerned about "noise pollution," the "invasion of privacy" and "public health." He's in the sound business. Profit is less abstract. What is surprising is that the cigarette companies would want to associate themselves with this little public nuisance and that they would want to chance alienating people who aren't accustomed to having vending machines talk back to them and who are smokers in any event already. (Who would want to sell his cigarettes in a machine that delivers a pitch only for a competitor's product?) The whole thing is preposterous. But Greenberg insists that three companies, specifically, American Tobacco, Lorillard and Liggett & Myers, have seen his machine, like it and plan to buy a number of the units to test. Just because an idea is absurd, doesn't mean it won't be bought.

Impeachment?

As the full truth about the repulse in Laos gradually comes to light, possibility approaches probability that Laos will be the political finish of Richard M. Nixon. By the same token, probability approaches certainty that the resultant expenditure of emotion, whether gleeful or aghast, will be out of all proportion to the importance of the event, and may, in fact, inhibit any general understanding of the significance of the event. Doubtless Nixon ought to be removed and here we have the vigorous young Republican Congressman from California, "Pete" McCloskey, saying we ought to think about impeaching him. But no level-headed American believes Mr. Nixon guilty of "bribery, treason, or other high crimes and misdemeanors," the only constitutional ground for impeachment. The case against him is not suspicion of felony, but demonstrated incompetence, as attested by the fact that the country is more distraught, economically, politically, and socially, after, than it was before two-and-a-half years of his administration. He has not been able to pull it together, or to give it any well-defined direction. But that is not a crime, and impeachment is machinery for dealing with malefactors, not mere failures. That is shown by the explicit provision in the Constitution that a man removed from office by impeachment may then be turned over to the courts for punishment according to law.

The clear and present danger in the existing situation is that the hue and cry after a scapegoat may divert attention from the real threat to the survival of the nation. It brings to mind the Confucian dictum that the three indispensable conditions of good government are sufficient food for the people, a sufficient army, and confidence of the people in their ruler. If he could not have all three, he was asked, which would he dispense with first. Confucius, a philosopher but also a bureaucrat of long experience, answered, first the army, and then the food, for he considered that a nation might – after a fashion and for a limited time – survive both anarchy and famine, but if the people lost confidence in their ruler it could not survive at all.

The lawful ruler of the United States is not the President, nor any other man, but an immaterial concept that we call "the will of the majority." Perhaps it is not merely immaterial, but also mythical – Walter Lippman once dubbed it a "phantom" – but that's our story and we are stuck with it. If it is proved to be a lie, then what other cohesive force is strong enough to hold this republic together is not apparent.

It is undeniable that the lawful ruler of the United States is very much a *roi fainéant*, a do-nothing king, strongly inclined to leave the ordinary business of government to his Mayor of the Palace, known as the President, an arrangement that works well enough as long as the President is competent to discern the will of the sovereign, and loyal enough to translate it into action. But for a startling moment in the month of March 1968, the drowsy ruler awoke in a burst of wrath that sent the then Mayor of the Palace scuttling, and gave the people renewed faith that when it comes to the big crunch the will of the majority still rules.

But the optimism was short-lived, for the optimists had grossly underestimated both the ingenuity and the pertinacity of the bipartisan camorra of politicians who, because they are allowed to handle the day-to-day

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routine of government pretty much as they please, have usurped the right to prevent any genuine registration of the will of the majority, thereby rendering the lawful ruler impotent.

The camorra proceeded on the assumption that it was Lyndon B. Johnson who had become obnoxious to a powerful section of public opinion. The assumption was largely false. It was not the man that was repudiated. On the contrary, nearly all of Johnson's decisions in domestic matters were warmly approved. The opposition centered on a foreign policy that was involving us ever more deeply in a war that to millions seemed unwise, unnecessary, unjust, and unholy, to say nothing of being fantastically unprofitable.

It is not certain that the people who opposed the war were a majority in 1968, but the only way to find out was for one of the two major parties to present a candidate who was flatly and unmistakably opposed to continuing the war, and logically the opposition was the party to offer such a candidate. Instead, it presented a man who, while in office, had favored intervention, and, in opposition, had supported its escalation at every step, while the party in power presented one who was, rightly or wrongly, believed to be a mere surrogate for Johnson. That made a clear expression of majority opinion impossible and there was none – the Republican candidate won by a whisker, a plurality of half a million in a total vote of 71 million, with almost 10 million votes thrown away on an impossible third candidate; but the Democrats kept control of Congress. In short, no decision on by far the most important issue.

In the crunch, the ruler proved to be powerless to proclaim, much less to enforce his will, and who can have confidence in an impotent ruler? The fact that the winner of the Presidential office happened to be Richard M. Nixon is incidental. If Hubert Humphrey had been as powerless to resist the militarists, the effect would have been the same. He wasn't elected, so his friends are free to claim that he would have resisted successfully, but that is mere speculation. What was proved beyond dispute is that the machinery for registering the will of the majority can be jammed by clever manipulation, and that proof has created the condition that Confucius thought must prove fatal to any nation – the people's loss of confidence in their lawful ruler.

Next year the voters, if they are angry enough, can redress the balance. But if they permit another election like that of 1968, then we are likely to have a swift and terrible demonstration that Confucius was no fool.

Gerald W. Johnson

One Man's Answer to "What Can We Do?"

Withholding War Taxes

by Peter Barnes

The other day I received a telephone call from a harried civil servant named M. Wayne Thrush. Mr. Thrush works in the department of the Internal Revenue Service that tracks down delinquent taxpayers, of whom I am one. He was polite, even genial, considering his unpleasant mission, and after all those computer-printed warnings I was almost happy to be talking with him; at least he was alive.

Mr. Thrush asked where my unpaid 1969 taxes were. I explained that I would not voluntarily pay that portion of my income tax that went for the war in Southeast Asia. Mr. Thrush sighed, and I chose not to weary him with a lengthy exposition on the Nuremberg trials; he'd obviously heard it before. When he asked me where I banked, I expressed surprise that he did not already know – after all, I'd withheld part of my taxes the year before, and IRS had come and taken it out of my account. Well, he said, IRS wasn't as efficient as people thought; he couldn't find my file for 1969. Would I help him out by giving him the information he needed? I declined, and Mr. Thrush set out on his search. A few days later my bank called: Mr. Thrush had found his quarry, and was withdrawing from my account the taxes I owed plus 12 percent interest.

So, ten months after it was due, the government had my money plus a modest bonus. Was the exercise worth it? For several reasons I think that it was. The government had collected a little more than I originally owed, but it had spent quite a bit in the process. More

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to the point, I had told the government in deed as well as word where I stood: my assets could be seized, I could even be thrown in jail, but I would not willingly abet the continuance of something I consider illegal and immoral.

Under the Constitution, Congress has the power to levy taxes and to appropriate tax revenues for a variety of purposes, including the waging of war; the only relevant restriction is that no appropriation for the military shall be for a term longer than two years. There is little that citizens can legally do to thwart a congressionally imposed war tax, even when war has not been declared. The Supreme Court held in *Frothingham* v. *Mellon* (1923) that taxpayers have no standing to question the use of their minuscule fraction of treasury funds, no matter how strongly they believe their taxes are being used for unconstitutional purposes. A more recent suit, claiming the right of conscientious objection to Vietnam war taxes, was rejected by a federal appeals court.

But if citizens do not have a legal right to withhold taxes allocated to the Vietnam-Laos-Cambodia war, might they not have a moral obligation to do so? "The power to tax," Chief Justice Marshall observed years ago, "involves the power to destroy." The state of Maryland, he said, could not use that power to destroy a fledgling national bank. In Southeast Asia the taxing power of the government is being used to destroy an entire nation, and beyond that, the hopes of decent Americans for a sensible ordering of national priorities. Who is to be held accountable for this destruction? Merely those who order it, who levy taxes to pay for it? Or are those who acquiesce also responsible?

For a long time I felt that responsibility lay exclusively with those who gave the orders: The President, his top advisers, the military chieftains and the congressmen who financed them. Two conclusions followed from this belief: first, that the way to end the destruction was to persuade the President and his advisers to stop it, or failing that, to remove them from office and replace them with new men; and second, that the only obligation of private citizens such as myself was to speak out against the war and work through the political process against those who supported it. Acting on these assumptions, I voted for Johnson in 1964, worked for McCarthy in 1968, and gave a modest amount of money to antiwar candidates for House and Senate. All the while I paid taxes, and weapons were bought with those taxes and used.

By 1969 I had come to a gloomy conclusion; even a democratic government does not need its citizens' approval to conduct an imperial venture; it needs only their bodies and cash. To surrender these is to make a war possible; to choose to surrender them is to accept moral responsibility for that war.

The element of choice is at the heart of the matter. Young men confronted by conscription have a painfully narrow range of alternatives: they can accept induction, risk five years in prison, or skip the country. Their moral burden is the heaviest of all citizens', and those among them who choose the path of resistance deserve our deepest respect. The range of choice is wider and not quite so painful for taxpayers: a variety of options are available between following the leader on the one hand and permanent self-exile on the other, and criminal prosecution of those who exercise these options is rare. Given the availability of choice, there is a world of difference between voluntarily coughing up war taxes and making the government come after them.

As a strategy for protest, tax withholding is in many ways analogous to a consumer boycott or rent strike. In this case, the tenants are citizens of America; their complaint is not a leaky roof but a crumbling foreign policy; they are not opposed to paying taxes for a government in good repair, or to put it in good repair, but until the landlord does his bit they must hold a portion of their taxes in escrow. An analogy can also be made to one of the enforcement levers of the Civil Rights Act: the federal government withholds money from states and municipalities that discriminate illegally; here, citizens withhold money from a government that kills without just cause and without clear legal sanction.

Such a strategy has weaknesses. A major one is that the lion's share – often the totality – of most workers' federal income tax obligation is withheld from their paychecks involuntarily. Another is that while tax dodging is a popular sport, especially among the rich, tax withholding for political reasons has not been in vogue since the 1760s. A third is that since the government eventually collects what's due it anyway, war tax withholding may seem little more than a gesture.

Morally, too, there are problems. Since it is a form of civil disobedience, tax withholding is not a step to be taken lightly by anyone who cherishes government by law. Moreover, a person's income, unlike his life, derives from his membership and activity in an

The Indochina Hemorrhage

A collection of articles on the war in Indochina, reprinted from *The New Republic*, is now available as a 92-page booklet. Included are articles by Hans J. Morgenthau, Philip Balboni, Townsend Hoopes, Stanley Hoffmann, Henry Steele Commager and the editors of this journal.

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organized society. This being so, society has a more legitimate claim upon his earnings than it does, say, upon his soldierly services in an undeclared war. Beyond this is the danger of opening Pandora's box. If doves can withhold war taxes, why can't others withhold taxes that pay for welfare or integrated public schools?

These weaknesses must be weighed against a desperate reality. A war is being waged by our government that is altogether criminal and corrupting. Mylai was not an aberration but a metaphor for the entire conflict. The struggle for the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese people has produced the most intensive aerial bombardment in the history of mankind, the forced evacuation to refugee camps of hundreds of thousands of civilians, the destruction of villages in order to "save" them the torture and killing of prisoners, wanton shooting in self-proclaimed free-fire zones, the massive use of defoliating and antipersonal chemicals and gases, the massacre at pointblank range of unarmed women and children. Many of these practices violate the laws of war as set forth in conventions that the US government has signed.

Under ordinary circumstances, a citizen's decision to withhold taxes could not be justified by a claim that he strongly disagrees with the way his taxes are spent. But the Indochina war is not an ordinary occurrence; it cannot be compared, say, with public school integration. Because the war makes moral culprits of us all, it brings into play the principles set forth by the US itself at Nuremberg. And while the Nuremberg tribunal did not go so far as to say that persons who willingly pay taxes or submit to conscription are guilty of complicity in crimes committed by their government, its judgments tend irresistibly in that direction. "Individuals have international duties which transcend the national obligations of obedience imposed by the individual state," the tribunal ruled. This admonition was addressed to past and future government leaders, but it is no less applicable to rank-and-file citizens.

The strongest argument against war tax withholding is that it might lead to further withholding, thereby undermining the government's ability to promote egalitarian goals, and ultimately to function at all. Three points deserve consideration here. One is that, given the enormous power of the state, the probability of an anarchic tax rebellion is, as a practical matter, slight. The second is that the obligation to support social order, while considerable, is not absolute; even soldiers, the Army reminds us at Lieutenant Calley's court-martial, should disobey some orders, whatever the consequences may be for military discipline. Third, there are times when it may be desirable to weaken a government's ability to function. More important than how smoothly a government operates is *what* it does, and whether it is in touch with the people. Many American colonists felt that Parliament had lost touch with the people when it passed the Stamp Act and other taxes intended to underwrite empire; a little tax resistance, they thought, along with some dumping of tea in Boston harbor, would bring England to its senses. When the British government failed to get the colonists' message, Jefferson wrote – and others agreed – that even violent rebellion was justifiable. We are not ripe for armed revolt, as the colonists were in 1775, but our situation is in many ways comparable to that of the colonists in 1765. The people are taxed, yet have no effective representation in the councils of empire. The Nixon Administration, though not so remote as King George III, is out of touch with the people's desire for peace (a sizable majority, according to Gallup, now want all US troops withdrawn from Indochina by the year's end).

What are the alternatives to voluntary payment of taxes for the Vietnam war? At the lowest level, citizens can withhold the ten percent federal tax on telephone service, a tax which was extended avowedly for the purpose of defraying war costs. A second option is to file a proper income tax return but to withhold a symbolic sum – $5 or $50 or the surcharge – from one's payment. Or one can withhold ten percent of his income tax (which is approximately the percentage of federal expenditures that went to the Vietnam war in fiscal 1970).

For people whose total obligation is involuntarily subtracted from their paychecks, two courses of action are open: apply for a war tax refund, or withhold payment of the telephone tax.

When taxes are acknowledged but not fully paid, the withholder can expect IRS to collect its debt – plus 12 percent interest – within six months to a year, usually by taking money out of the withholder's bank account, auctioning his car or attaching his salary. The withholder must be prepared to risk a year in jail and a $10,000 fine, but so far no war tax-withholder has been prosecuted for willful tax evasion, and there is some question whether a person who files a complete and accurate return – even if he withholds a portion of his payment – can be found guilty of willful evasion.

A number of antiwar groups have called for war tax withholding this year and have planned April demonstrations to dramatize that policy. No one expects a loss of revenue sizable enough to hinder the war effort, but that is not their aim: it is to show the existence of a body of Americans who can no longer wait for the government to end this war at its own politically calculated pace, a body of citizens who disassociate themselves from their government's shameful acts. These are not terrorists, anarchists, or even marchers, but quiet citizens of conscience. Not every taxpayer will count himself among them; but each of us ought to consider the alternatives we face on April 15. We do have a choice, and cannot escape responsibility for it.

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Mao Tse-tung—and the Cost of Living

Aftermath of the Cultural Revolution

by Edgar Snow

Last October when I stood on the balcony of the Tien An Men in Peking I was unexpectedly taken aside by Premier Chou En-lai. He led me, together with my wife, to Chairman Mao Tse-tung, and we suddenly occupied positions at the center of China's one-fourth of mankind. Across the wide square, which holds half a million people, a conspicuously large signboard proclaimed an excerpt from Mao Tse-tung's May 20, 1970 statement, when he declared China's firm support for Prince Sihanouk's resistance to Lon Nol and the United States, and for the newly formed anti-American alliance of the Indo-Chinese peoples.

"People of the world," read Mao's summons, "unite to defeat the US aggressors and all their running dogs!"

When our balcony photograph was later published by the *People's Daily*, on Chairman Mao's seventy-seventh birthday, I was described as a "friendly American." In the upper right hand corner, which contains the Mao Thought for the day, was a box which enclosed the words, "Peoples of the world, including the American people, are all our friends." Chairman Mao takes pains to separate people from governments and their policies. If a symbol was needed for that, I was glad to be it.

Mao gave me a firm handshake and cordial welcome. He had lost weight and looked fitter than when I had seen him in 1965 – at a moment, I now realized, when he had been making perhaps the most crucial and daring decision of his career. The Chairman briefly spoke about the near-anarchy period of 1967, as we watched the ingenious floats and *tableaux vivants* of the October festival roll past. What color and what organization! The emphasis was on production and preparedness and uniforms were everywhere, but one saw few arms except in the hands of the teenage militia, including many girls, their hair in ponytails. Each tableau exceeded the other in glorification of Mao's works and maxims as applied to commune, factory, cultural and military life. Statues and busts, some of great size, reproduced the erect figure beside me, the leader and initiator of the second or cultural liberation, aimed to restore the purity of the revolution and involve the masses in its direction as never before. *Mao Chuhsi wansui! Mao Chuhsi wansui wansui! Mao Chuhsi wansui wansui wansui!* . . . "Chairman Mao, ten thousand times ten thousand times ten thousand years!" rang the chorus below, and there were tears in many youthful eyes. "How does it look to you," I could not resist asking, as I gestured at the adoring marchers, "how does it *feel*?"

The Chairman grimaced, shook his head, and said that it was better but that he was not satisfied. In what way? Before he could reply we were interrupted by new arrivals. Only some weeks later, in a lengthy talk, was I able to repeat the question; then he spoke quite frankly about the "nuisance" of the personality cult. But I discovered that on that October day his mind had not been at all on the images and the flags and flowers with which human hands and heads animated Mao quotations. There was and remained the problem of rebuilding the Party and the state superstructure. Something like 95 percent of former Party members had been reinstated, according to Premier Chou En-lai; but many experienced cadres awaited new assignments. Early in this year, for example, Premier Chou himself was still assisted by only two vice-premiers; in 1966 there were seven.

Formally, of course, the party nucleus was reconstituted when the Ninth Party Congress elected a new Central Committee in April, 1969. But countless veteran cadres continued to labor in communes or in May seventh (Mao Tse-tung Thought) schools. More serious cases awaited what is called "liberation" following their successful completion of "struggle-criticism-transformation," the three-stage formula for redemption. Others were there for routine ideological therapy, which all party members must undergo now and periodically in the future.

Meanwhile, the nation from the family up debated the new state constitution – referred to the masses for inspection and criticism – which would bring together the Fourth National People's Congress, to climax the cultural revolution. The new constitution would declare China a "socialist state of proletarian dictatorship" and "irrevocably under the leadership of the Communist Party." Next July would see the celebration of the

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fiftieth anniversary of that Party. Before then the resurrection would achieve reality through the formal completion of all provincial party branches to symbolize "transformation" and restoration of national unity and command.

The rebuilding has been a painful process since the party's nadir in 1966, when the cultural revolution all but destroyed it.

Why should the founder and acknowledged leader-genius of a powerful party "deliberately set out to wreck it?" That was not Mao's original intention; he aimed to remove "only a handful" from power. In the end the hand gathered in many of the highest leaders and some of Mao's oldest comrades. Above all, they included Liu Shao-ch'i, first vice-chairman of the party, who before 1966 was Mao's indicated successor, chairman of the National Congress, and titular head of state.

Mao was lifetime party chairman, and Liu was Mao's first deputy. But by 1964 Mao had lost effective control over much of the party hierarchy set up by his "successors," and also over the state administrative apparatus. In 1965, for example, he could not get the party-controlled press in Peking to publish an important article meant to launch the propaganda stage of the cultural revolution. He had to leave it published in pamphlet form in Shanghai.

It was Liu and his allies in the Central Committee who ran the superstructure, the labor unions, the party schools, the millions of cadres and bureaucrats, all in Mao's name. Indeed most cadres considered themselves loyal Maoists. But Liu and his likeminded comrades, especially after the economic crisis of 1959-61, utilized the Mao cult in theory and slighted Maoism in performance. They tended to put economics before men, encourage effort by material incentives, push production without class struggle, boost technology by relying on "experts," and use politics to serve economic and technological command. They favored expansion of state credit (and state debt) rather than Great Leaps Forward and ideological zeal in building capital by hard labor.

The showdown came in the debate over what was to become of Mao's program for the cultural revolution. At a decisive meeting Liu Shao-ch'i stubbornly opposed Mao's first and primary point: "to overthrow those persons in authority who are taking the capitalist road, to criticize and repudiate the reactionary bourgeois academic 'authorities' and the ideology of the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes, and to transform education, literature and art and all other parts of the superstructure not in correspondence with the socialist economic base. . . ." Liu had to choose between wrecking his own machine, or a test of strength. He remained defiant. And thus on January 25, 1965, at a decisive meeting, and not before, Mao decided that Liu had to go. So I was told by a very responsible person.

Mao was convinced that the people and the party rank and file were with him but were misled by his disloyal opposition. Youth had to be educated by actually experiencing a second and deeper revolution. They had to be "tempered" in struggle and retrained by deeply studying his teachings. He sought to recover the lost élan of the Yenan period of ideal equalitarianism – 1937-47 – when Mao's Thought and leadership prepared the Communists for final victory.

It must be "politics in command" – Mao's teachings – all the way. That meant more decentralization, reliance on the masses spurred to initiative and innovation, sending city people to learn from the peasants, priority for the needs of the peasants who were 70 percent to 80 percent of the people, capital created by labor to be collectively invested by the peasants themselves, and expunging all remaining bourgeois influences. In a word, Mao wanted the new generation to reenact his own revolutionary life experience and its logical conclusions.

Thus the first issue was posed by Mao's conviction that the party was following the revisionist (Soviet) road to capitalism – creating a new elite, a class of bureaucratic power wielders, a mandarinate of cadres divorced from the people. There was a second and closely linked issue. That was posed by Liu's search for a compromise in the Sino-Soviet impasse. By 1965 the United States' attacks on Vietnam threatened China with war. Liu wanted to send a Chinese delegation to the 1965 Soviet (23rd) party congress, to reactivate the Sino-Soviet alliance. Mao stood for the opposite: self-reliance and independent initiative; and turning the whole country into a great school of preparedness to fight a people's war against either imperialism (the US) and/or social imperialism (USSR).

There were many subissues and specific policies in dispute, but the above two were basic. Now it is said that Liu and Mao had always represented "two lines" since the beginning, when both became Communists in 1921. "Two lines" there no doubt were. In Mao's own idiom it was also a case of "non-antagonistic contradictions [gradually] becoming antagonistic" [and irreconcilable] over the 45 years during which the party had held both of them. Personal power struggle? While subjective factors cannot be entirely separated from objective political reality, there can be little doubt that the Mao-Liu struggle was mainly one of funda-

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Edgar Snow *recently revisited mainland China to gather information for Western publications, the first American to do so since the cultural revolution. Former correspondent of* Look *magazine, his writings include* The Other Side of the River: Red China Today. *This is the second in a series of reports by Mr. Snow, the first ("Talks With Chou En-lai") having appeared in* The New Republic *of March 27.*

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mental differences over means and ends in the fate of the great Chinese revolution itself.

Much has been written about events which followed, and the story is far too complicated to condense here. Suffice it to say that Mao's victory – with the help of the army – was so complete that Vice-Chairman and Defense Minister Lin Piao was able to state at the Ninth Party Congress (1969), which named him Mao's constitutional successor, "whoever opposes Chairman Mao Tse-tung Thought, at any time or under any circumstances, will be condemned and punished by the whole Party and the whole country."

To sum up, Mao's Thought has now saturated the whole nation with these aims: to speed up the erasure of differences between town and countryside; to equalize the material and cultural standards and opportunities of the worker, the peasant, the soldier, the cadre and the technician-expert; to integrate shop and farm work in everyone's education and life experience; to smash all bourgeois thought and especially its remnants among intellectuals and officials; to proletarianize higher learning by integrating students and workers and combining labor practice with classroom theory; to train everyone to bear arms and learn from the army; to bring forth a one-class generation of many-sided, well-educated youths inspired by ideals of service to the people, at home and abroad, contemptuous of personal wealth, and dedicated to a "world outlook" anticipating the final liberation of man from hunger, greed, ignorance, war and capitalism.

All that? Yes, and much more. I merely paraphrase words heard not just from officials and "Maoist activists" but from all those "tempered" by Mao Thought when pinned down to define what the cultural revolution was and is all about.

But what is life like today for the non-Party population – the great majority of adults – two years after Lin Piao told the Ninth Party Congress that "victory has been won in the Great Proletarian Revolution?"

The man in the street has grown neither horns nor a halo. "Chairman Mao is always with us," sang some kindergarten children to me, and our man in the street will tell you he loves Mao. Yet except for the Mao badges worn by everybody, the outward appearance of the citizen still closely resembles the man I saw in 1965. There is more uniformity of dress: blue and gray jackets and trousers for both men and women, with a greater mixture of army khaki and navy pale blue. Many wear better and brighter clothes at home, but the street fashion is now proletarian. In the cities it is harder to tell an intellectual from a peasant. They are equally clean and neat – and so are the streets. People are forthright and meet each other with courtesy and absence of condescension. (The masses are better educated; nearly all children now attend school; in many factories the workers are all high-school graduates.) Twenty years of tree-planting have beautified the cities, and general transformation of the earth is lifting the worn face of the rural landscape. China is visibly far richer than ever before, but not in private wealth.

Our man is well fed, healthy, adequately clad, fully employed with work, Mao classes and technical study, during six days of his week. On his free day he relaxes with his family or may play ping-pong or swim with his friends. (Unless he volunteers to dig holes and make bricks for air raid shelters.) If he has worries they don't include mounting food prices, medical costs and taxes. He lives within a very narrow budget but he is free from bank mortgages, debt and fear of starvation and beggary which plagued his parents. The papers and posters he reads carry mainly political news and exhortations but no Chinese can now be immune to politics. On the other hand he is not troubled by murder stories, market plunges, pornography, race riots, divorce scandals, dope rings, crime, and class envy of the rich. (China is, as a wit remarked, a veritable sink of morality.)

I found wages little changed except for slight increases at lower and middle levels and some reductions at the top. Higher army officers, for example, have recently taken a 30 percent voluntary cut, so I was told by one general. Above the apprentice level, factory wages range from about $20 a month to $50, while a few senior specialists may equal a junior general's pay of about $100, or slightly more. A top-ranking cadre or full general makes about $150 a month. A farmer's income may vary widely and in cash is much less than the worker's, but his commodity income and sideline benefits bring him closer to the urban level than formerly.

In a dozen great cities I visited and in many county towns and commune centers, I saw improved consumer necessities offered at slightly lower than or about the same as 1965 prices. Sampling a few items, per kilo (2.2 lbs): vegetables in abundance and variety in season, 3 to 4 cents (in US dollars); best quality rice, 16 or 17 cents; wheat flour, 10 to 12 cents; lamb, pork and beef, 40 to 80 cents; duck and other poultry, 80 cents to $1; local fruit, 30 to 70 cents.

Formerly few of the poor ever tasted fish in their lives; now it is widely sold even in the interior, at 40 to 80 cents a kilo. Milk is 10 cents a quart; beer, 20 cents a litre; sweet drinks, 10 cents; wine, about 50 cents; gin, about 90 cents; eggs, 30 cents a dozen. In a street cafe or grog shop one can get a *plat du jour* of steamed roll, pickled vegetables, sausage and soup, for 4 to 6 cents. Leather shoes cost about $8, synthetic shoes $2 to $3. Shirts are $1 to $3. Infant ready-made suits are $2 to $4; a fur hat, $5; lined overcoats, $20 to $40; a blouse and slacks, $6 to $10.

Grain products, cooking oil and cotton goods are still rationed. Depending upon work performed, indi-

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vidual grain rations vary from about 30 pounds to 45 pounds a month; with other foods now abundant, that is more than enough. China now leads the world in cotton cloth output but it is a huge item in China's foreign trade and foreign exchange income. Cotton cloth inside China is rationed at about 16 metric feet per person. Synthetics are ration free and in great demand. Cooking oil rations are more than the average.

There are no more privately owned cars, but urban bus and train services have improved. Trains in China are among the world's finest. Public transport fares are low.

Our man in the street (or village lane) probably has at least one bicycle in his family. They cost from $35 to $45. His rent (maintenance cost) is $1 to $2 per room per month – and housing varies widely, but is generally improved. (In the countryside peasants own their own homes, tax free.) Industrial workers' medical expenses are met by their organizations, as likewise in the communes. Medicines cost a tiny fraction of prices in the West. Birth control pills are distributed free through organizations.

Beyond that, the life style of the people can only be fully seen through further study of the cultural revolution. Its results are especially profound in new organizational and political changes in factories, in lower and higher education, in the farm communes, in health services, in cultural activity of all kinds, and in the defense forces. Service in the army, navy and air force is by far the most genuinely sought-after career by youth, and not one in a dozen aspirants is chosen. This and other attitudes among Mao's youthful successors will be explored in future reports.

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Memo to Republicans and Democrats

The Life Party

by Nicholas Johnson

It is by now commonplace that virtually all American institutions are: under attack, in need of radical change, and slow to respond – government, corporations, education, unions, media, medicine and so forth. Political parties are no exception. What is not so clear is precisely what's wrong with the political process, and what should be done about it. Because nobody *knows*, and because we're talking about the future of our country, the more talking we do the better.

In my judgment, what is wrong with government and politics in America is what is wrong with life in America. It's all owned by somebody. *Time* owns *Life*. Life ought to be free; free to *take* its time; free to be.

Now let me make clear that I am not opposed to private property. Free private enterprise and the profit motive – when *permitted* to function – often do a better job of "regulating in the public interest" than governmental agencies. I have spent most of my seven years as a public official trying to bring competitive free private enterprise to the subsidized merchant marine and shipyards, and the monopolized telephone and broadcasting industries. So I'm not about to advocate either universal nationalization or anarchy.

It's like the difference between a couple of strings of morning glories on the back porch, and letting them take over and choke out everything else in the garden. We've permitted corporations to take over *too much* of life in America. "They took all the trees/And put them in a tree museum/And charged all the people/A dollar and a half just to see them," sings Joni Mitchell. The same guys who are telling us which worthless breakfast cereals and junk automobiles to buy are editing our children's textbooks and censoring our television programs.

It used to be that people needed products to survive. Now products need people to survive. And radio and television – which Professor Galbraith calls the "prime instruments for the manipulation of consumer demand" – are doing a lot more for the products than for the people.

We are all working for the corporations – and paying them to do it. We use ITT's communications equip-

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ment to call ahead for an ITT-Avis car to drive us to an ITT-Sheraton hotel to eat ITT-Continental Baking bread. We are all driving for the automobile industry; filling our wardrobes for the fashion industry; filling our stomachs for the chemical additives industry; and filling our heads for the television industry. We have become so used to plastic and glass buildings, aerosol cans, boring jobs, motel decor, muzak and hairsprayed women that we are too numb to notice.

But we do notice, subconsciously, and we rebel. When some of our finest young people started dropping out they were called hippies and freaks and told to bathe. Now that top corporation executives are doing the same, the *Wall Street Journal* has taken a second, and somewhat more sympathetic look.

Some have stayed in by increasing their consumption of alcohol and tranquilizers – the accepted drugs. Others have turned to less acceptable chemicals.

Those who don't dig turning on with drugs are trying encounter groups, religion, psychiatry, sex – everything from astrology to zen. People are looking at their lives and asking, in the words of the popular song, "Is that all there is?" There must be more to life than commuting to boring jobs, in junky automobiles, through polluted air, listening to radio commercials, at slower speeds than our great grandparents used to drive a carriage along dusty farm roads. But everywhere we start to dig we run into more of those damn morning-glory roots.

When we turn to the government for help we may or may not get a friendly ear and a sympathetic speech. But we are unlikely to get results. And ultimately we read some muckraker's account of the government's paying out millions of *our* tax dollars in subsidy to *encourage* the morning-glory root growers.

It's not just that the people don't like what their government's doing and want to change it. That's to be expected in a democracy. The dangerous thing is the extent to which people are turned off to government. The troublesome polls are not those that tell us half the American people think Nixon's doing a bad job as President. Nixon has brought us together – in spite of Agnew. Hardhats, students and farmers stood shoulder-to-shoulder in Des Moines recently – protesting the President's policies. No, the alarming polls are those that report the growing number of Americans who believe themselves totally alienated from the mainstream of American society. Even those who support the two major parties have little enthusiasm for them – as the 1970 elections demonstrated. There is, today, none of the spirit that a Roosevelt, Kennedy – or even a human President like Truman – could bring forth from the people.

The enthusiasm is for individuals; almost any individuals. There was a common thread through much of the support for Senator Barry Goldwater, Governor George Wallace, Senator Eugene McCarthy and Senator Robert F. Kennedy. They were all individuals, courageous and outspoken – and largely outside the system.

People know what's wrong. Listen to the taxidrivers, the waitresses, the filling station attendants, the factory workers. They can speak with considerable eloquence about corporate and other institutional pressures. They see through a politician whose solution to inflation is to slash away at appropriations for education – the same week he urges billion-dollar weapon systems. They've tried to fish in the polluted streams. They've had to return the defective and over-priced goods.

I don't mean to detract from the age-old issues: we must stop the bloodbath in Southeast Asia. We must substantially increase spending for the obvious domestic needs – poverty, employment, education, housing, environmental control, medical services, hunger and so forth. We must recognize the rights of *all* our "minority groups" – the 104 million women, 20 million over 65, 20 million under five, blue-collar workers – not just Blacks, Chicanos, and Indians. None of this can be accomplished without making corporations more responsive to all of us – consumers, employees and shareholders. All of it would be aided by meaningful decentralization – "participatory democracy."

But I think Americans are looking for much more. First, they want to be "turned on" to themselves; to attain more of the ultimate they possess to be fully human. That single goal pervades a great deal of the highly disparate kinds of searching we are witnessing today. They seek a moral purpose to life, a vision, idealism, truth, love, excitement. Second, they want a return to old values – not of their parents, but of their grandparents. All about us – in furniture, clothes, entertainment, the return to nature – we see the nostalgic looking backward to a simpler life. They are rejecting the very corporate life style being sold by the major corporate contributors to both parties. And I think any party, or candidate, who fails to recognize this will have little political influence in the 1970s.

One starting text that serves both these needs is the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson understood what many Americans – young and old – are saying today: "All men . . . are endowed . . . with certain unalienable Rights. . . . Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. To secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men. . . ." That's pretty heavy. And pretty far from what government's all about today.

What's the government doing about life? About the babies who die in sufficient numbers to make us thirteenth in the world in infant mortality? About the declining life expectancy for adult males?

This government is not only oblivious to life, it is openly dealing death. To the extent ours is an "Economy of Death" (to borrow Dick Barnett's title) it is

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largely because the government makes it so. It has proudly killed 600,000 "enemy" Vietnamese since 1965 (at a cost of over $100,000 per kill) – not to mention 45,000 Americans, and 200,000 "civilian" Vietnamese. College students have been shot by the National Guard on campuses. The President preaches "law and order," and the state moves with a vengeance to punish any black man who kills another. But he looks the other way when the three white men who run the nation's auto companies continue to design and sell automobiles that needlessly kill 60,000 Americans each year.

Liberty. What's the government doing to provide the people with the freedom to be – the freedom that requires a guaranteed income, good health, food, quality education, and job opportunity with dignity?

The current bumper stickers tell the story: "Legalize Freedom"; "The Majority's Not Silent, The Government is Deaf." But this government is not only deaf to demands for freedom. The government is one of the principal *threats* to freedom when it discourages peaceful assembly, sends out the Army to spy on civilians, keeps computer files on the citizenry, engages in wiretapping and bugging, and uses the Internal Revenue Service to harrass public interest law firms engaged in self-help efforts to regain some lost freedoms.

And to think of today's government as something originally instituted to insure the people's pursuit of *happiness* is almost laughable. The American government does less to encourage and support the arts than almost any other civilized nation in the world. Of course, the government cannot create happiness. But it can at least stand out of the way. Vice President Agnew and the FCC are engaged in an all-out effort to censor the music!

The Declaration of Independence was founded on far-fewer and less-serious grievances than these. It concluded: "Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people . . . Whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive . . . it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it. . . ." The passage of 200 years has done nothing to lessen the logic of that appeal.

The American people may not be calling for revolution in the classic sense, but they are calling for some straight talk. They don't want the government overthrown, they just want it to stop tapping their telephone. They don't want to declare war on their government, they want it to stop waging undeclared wars on other governments. They don't mind paying taxes, they just don't like taxing the poor to fatten the rich.

The people want something useful to do. They don't want to have to use up their civic pride and energy preventing their government's ill-considered actions – keeping the Supreme Court free of Carswells and the countryside free of ABMs.

How can the two major parties offer solutions? They are the problem. There is *no way* to raise millions of dollars from big corporations for a campaign, and elect officials who will represent the people who are manipulated, oppressed and employed by those corporations. There is *no way* to fashion honest speeches and legislation about pollution that strikes a compromise with the polluters. There is *no way* to "clear" with the industry appointments to regulatory commissions that will then regulate them.

Television has affected our lives in many ways. It babysits with our children – in exchange for the right to mold their minds. It shapes our moral values and aesthetic taste, tells us what we should believe, and censors what it thinks we shouldn't know. It controls the time our candidates and officials need to talk over the issues with the electorate.

But the total corporate domination of television – television entertainment, politics and commercial messages – is producing a backlash. Every two-year-old child knows that television lies to him. In the course of selling products to America, as Mason Williams has observed, "Big Business has created an America that will no longer buy its products. Their how blew their what." Because politicians in the age of multi-million-dollar campaigns are just another product, "brought to you by" the largest corporations, people don't believe the politicians either.

► Twenty percent of the people who watched Nixon talk to the astronauts during their televised walk on the moon believe the astronauts were never there.

► Some political television spots became campaign issues in 1970, and the backlash was measurable.

In short, whether 1972 is the year or not, the time is coming when the American people will no longer buy packaged politicians either.

We're shucking off the hucksters, the guys who put the garbage in the air and in our heads. We're searching for reality. We want human beings, not actors. We want honesty, not hypocrisy. Somebody's going to start telling it straight in this country. Somebody's going to bare his soul, and offer a human being to the American people. Somebody's going to do it at the corporations' expense – not on their expense accounts. Somebody's going to recognize that politics alone is not enough, that the people want a whole life that includes religion and music as well – a party of life. And when he does he's going to win.

Who's the somebody? She may be black. And unless there are some radical changes made soon, she's not going to be a Republican or a Democrat.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Conformist

(Paramount)

THX 1138

(Warner Bros.)

Another Italian leftist director has gone the way of Technicolor flesh. I mourned recently (Jan. 23rd issue) about Elio Petri and his *Investigation of a Citizen under Suspicion*. Now here is Bernardo Bertolucci, gone overripe.

The first Bertolucci to be seen here, *Before the Revolution* (1965), was a quiet, direct film about radical dilemmas, with some youthful lift. It was in black and white. Then came color and, like drink in the wrong hands, it unsettled Bertolucci as it has so many.

In Shaw's play *The Doctor's Dilemma*, an old doctor says, "Chloroform has done a lot of mischief. It's enabled every fool to be a surgeon." Color has done a lot of mischief in the film world. It's enabled a lot of directors, fools or otherwise, to become esthetes.

Bertolucci's next pictures, both in color, were *Partner* and *The Spider's Stratagem*, which were seen here only at festivals. The first, garnished with Godarderie, was a *Doppelgänger* story of some interest. The latter was a rancidly arty allegory about fascism. Now, it's fascism and color again in *The Conformist*, based on Moravia's celebrated novel, but the film is a precious and perverse travesty of Moravia.

The dominant tone of the book – actually its real *point* – is its calm, as it tells the story of Clerici, a young Fascist official in the late 1930s. He is haunted by the (supposed) murder he committed at thirteen – he thinks he killed a chauffeur who tried to seduce him – and now he wants only to blend obscurely into the landscape, whatever the landscape is. On his honeymoon trip to Paris, he agrees to guide Fascist assassins to an ex-professor of his who is doing anti-Fascist work there. Clerici and wife see the professor and wife in Paris, with some personal complications, and the assassins are alerted. Back in Rome, Clerici reads of the murder of the anti-Fascist pair. He is now even more part of the surrounding landscape. Some years later, on the day that Mussolini is deposed, Clerici discovers that the chauffeur is still alive. The trauma that caused his lifelong drive for conformism had never really existed. Next day Clerici and his wife and child are killed in an air raid – *really* flattened into the landscape. All in the same unruffled tone.

Bertolucci's pressure-cooking begins with his screenplay. He has chopped up the chronology of the book in a display of the "film mind" that makes hash of the story's progress and makes the hash difficult to digest. He has changed the hero to a strong silent sex-figure, and has given the dialogue lots of sudden leaps and ellipses, meant to indicate big boilings underneath. In the guise of dramatizing, he blatantly heats things up. For instance, in the novel the hero is ordered simply to identify the professor for the gunmen. Here he is given a gun and ordered to kill him. The delicacy of Moravia's point – perfectly filmable – is ground into cliché.

For Moravia's ending, Bertolucci substitutes distortion and illogic. After Clerici sees the chauffeur, he then lingers near and presumably beds with a young male whore. Moravia's psychopolitical point is debased into a sexual fillip. As if what had been bothering Clerici all his life was repressed homosexuality, inculcated by the chauffeur and now liberated by discovery that the "dead" man is alive. This for a story that was designed to show the psychic bases of political action.

But the screenplay is only where Bertolucci *begins* whooping things up. In the filming itself, he makes very sure we understand that the Age of Cinema has arrived and that he is a leading citizen. No millimeter of the screen is left unpregnant at any moment, no shot is spared heavy meaning. Men carry sculptured eagles out of the dark, lights swing to cast moving shadows, the composition always transforms a recognizable place into an abstraction of itself, nothing ever happens in the foreground without some busy contrapuntal movement behind. The lighting is born out of sophomoric adulation of Fellini.

Bertolucci has cast two beautiful women – Stefania Sandrelli and Dominique Sanda – as the two wives, and he pores over them like a fussy, attitudinizing fashion photographer, never with feeling, always with a sense of utilization. With them, with everyone, the screen is crammed full of shots that were seemingly designed for reproduction in glossy film journals.

One's figurative solar plexus gets sore from so many esthetic punches. What is fundamentally wrong with the look of the film is that it completely controverts the intent of the work (as, in another way, the fragmented script does). The idea of the murderer's security among mass murderers, his happiness in conformism, is swamped and destroyed by the bordello style – even that of a high-class house. The visual aspects of fascism were inflated-heroic, never voluptuous.

Through all the stultifying pyrotechnics Jean-Louis Trintignant manages to give some coherence to the hero. Which makes one all the more angry that he wasn't allowed to play the part in a sane script, under a director who had interests in something other than himself. This film, supposedly about politics, seems a refuge for its author's political frustration in a species of gluttony. Last year Visconti produced his chromatically intoxicated, sexually perverse version of Nazism in *The Damned*. Now, from Bertolucci, on a smaller scale, we get the Fascist equivalent. Call it *The Darned*.

A few years ago an American film student named George Lucas won an award with a short called *THX 1138*. He has expanded it into a feature, in color, and the result is a classic instance of what is right and wrong with many US film-school graduates. Lucas has good eyes, if no original vision, and he knows a lot about film technique; but what he does with it all is thin. He has acquired a lot of skills but not much self.

Would you believe one *more* story about the dehumanized future, where people have numbers instead of names, where Big Electronic Brother watches all, where everyone wears the same white uniform and all heads are shaved, where the unseen State disposes as it will, and where the great sin is – hold on, now – love? The script by Lucas and Walter Murch almost

(Continued on page 31)

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Reed Whittemore on Ike

Dear General

Eisenhower's Wartime Letters to Marshall

Edited by
Joseph Patrick Hobbs

(John Hopkins Press; $10)

"The French continue to be difficult, I must say that next to the weather they have caused me more trouble in this war than any other single factor. They even rank above landing craft." But the British caused Dwight Eisenhower trouble too, especially the "Former Naval Person" with his formidable foreignness reinforced by his stubbornly grand vision. Churchill kept asking for more and sooner, grumbling, siding mysteriously with the Russians, depreciating the American effort.

Fortunately it was not Churchill, but General Alexander and Air Marshal Tedder who pushed for a war run by committee. Ike held out for Ike running it, and Ike won except that he remained beholden to Washington and his boss there, George Catlett Marshall. This book contains the letters documenting his beholdenness – all addressed "Dear General," all business letters, obediently nonpolitical, nose-to-the-grindstone, who-should-run-what, with an occasional depressing diversion into the issue of a rug for Mrs. Marshall.

Even if one grants the business focus, and acknowledges the presence of a growing body of perhaps more humane material by Ike (notably *The Papers of Dwight David Eisenhower/The War Years* – five volumes – also published by The Johns Hopkins Press), this book is scary. Thus in recommending a particular assignment for Mark Clark at a level of considerateness beyond, one would hope, minced words, Ike provides only minced words:

> He is doing a very good job and is in the middle of a problem [*sic.* the problem was the Germans hanging on south of Rome]. It is impracticable for any man to be an active Army Commander and to be at the same time administrative Theater Commander because this latter individual is in constant communication with Washington over matters of varying importance and which cannot possibly be handled except with the aid and assistance of . . .

So the violins of General Staff School kept playing through the Eisenhower-Marshall relationship. While the biggest war got bigger Ike kept writing admiringly of the virtues of discipline and clean uniforms – "fatigue hats and mechanic caps should be instantly abolished" – and plugging strategic holes with verbal blotting paper. As the end in Europe approached he could be found composing "a list of some thirty to forty of our outstanding General Officers arranged roughly in accordance with my ideas of the value of the services they have rendered in this war." When the end actually came he kept himself busy delivering little administrative lectures to Marshall and thinking up euphemisms for his preliminary difficulties with the Russians as an occupation force. And as a virtual aside in his next-to-last letter he revealed suddenly an astonishing astonishment that there had been a war on at all:

> But the most interesting – although horrible – sight that I encountered during the trip was a visit to a German internment camp near Gotha. The things I saw beggar description. While I was touring the camp I encountered three men who had been inmates and by one ruse or another had made their escape. I interviewed them through an interpreter. The visual evidence and the verbal testimony of starvation, cruelty and bestiality were so overpowering as to leave me a bit sick. In one room were piled up twenty or thirty naked men, killed by starvation, [where] George Patton would not even enter. He said he would get sick if he did so. I made the visit deliberately, in order to be in position to give *first-hand* evidence of these things if ever, in the future, there develops a tendency to charge these allegations merely to "propaganda."

Well, I mean now, wow, what's this, you mean he went on to run our *country*? – I can hear suchlike, and the answer is that he did; he also went on imperturbably to the next paragraph of the same letter:

> If you could see your way clear to do it, I think you should make a visit here at the earliest possible moment, while we are still conducting a general offensive. You would

Vegetables

"Just because they can't say anything
doesn't mean they don't hear you coming";
tomatoes, in particular, feel pain
thin girlish skin and
seeds quaking in jelly at the first prick
and carrots, shrieking silent
like St. Bartholomew as you peel them
from foot to head: they feel,

they feel. Disemboweled peas

slide into tumbrils, dizzy
with air, beets bleed on the
sinkboard, celery wilts with its heart
in our hands, squash
turns pale on our tables
and when you pick up the knife
and walk across the kitchen, shoeheels softly drumming
even the coarse hydra-headed potato hears you humming

Peter Meinke

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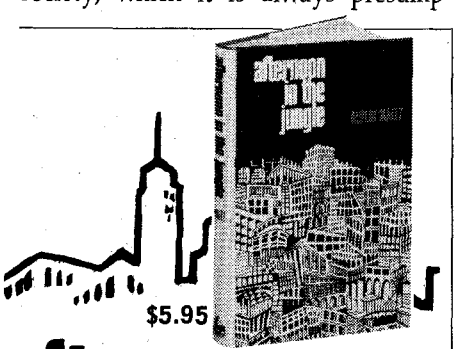
be proud of the Army you have produced. In the first place, the U.S. ground and air forces are a unit; they both participate in the same battle all the way down the line from me to the lowest private. I can find no evidence whatsoever of any mutual jealousy, suspicion or lack of understanding. In fact, I know of one or two Major Generals in the Air Force that one of my Army Commanders would accept as Division Commanders today.

From the distance of 25 years it takes really superior compassion for the blindness of American know-how to forgive those two paragraphs, especially their juxtaposition; and yet to be grandly forgiving is to be patronizing, which is worse. In 1945 Ike was on top of an enormous military society that had conducted the war as a business operation and, following Pearl Harbor, had looked upon Big Issues as a waste of talking time, on atrocities as a not-to-be-examined fact of life, and on killing itself as a war-commonplace that if one were lucky one could get through the war without facing. To forgive Ike is to forgive nearly a whole society, which it is always presumptuous for an individual to do.

In 25 years our social pendulum has swung over so far to Concern and Awareness that Ike's naive positivism now seems shocking. It shouldn't. By the best standards of his society he was an excessively moral cuss – much more moral, much warmer about people and their rights, certainly more aware, of the big world beyond West Point and the Pentagon than the quotations above suggest. Also he worked like a dog, he cut down corruption, he knew how to organize, he had his eye on the ball. He even knew when to turn off: "When Admiral Byrd was here he hinted that he was representing the President, yourself and others in a number of important projects. He seemed vague to me. *Sincerely.*"

Learning to understand what happened in the 25 years may be the hardest job we now have – hard enough for those who lived through the Eisenhower war years, maybe impossible for those who did not – and yet *Dear General* with its necessarily sharp focus should help. Professionalism is still not dead in this country, and its wisdoms remain not to be scorned. For example, there does seem to have been genuine wisdom, during *that* war, in not talking about war but getting on with it. The generals were right for once, though it may not have been their fault. And among generals, despite his occasional tunnel vision, Ike was, as he himself said of another, "really a grand, self-effacing officer."



afternoon in the jungle

The Selected Short Stories of Albert Maltz

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Notable

Edith Sitwell
Selected Letters (1919-1964)

edited by John Lehman and Derek Parker

(Vanguard; $8.50)

Memoirs of an Aesthete (1939-1969) by Harold Acton

(Viking; $8.95)

From her high social and literary place Dr. and Dame Edith Sitwell cultivated a newsworthy disdain for journalists and other Persons from Porlock. She was a master of the extravagant put-down, and so became known for her wit and irony in derogation of the unimaginative, the inartistic, the opportunistic and the ugly. But this book contains mostly letters to friends, not Porlock Persons, and three-fourths of them are written after the beginning of World War II – letters of war, suffering, money, loss. She is tired by then of her reputation as a wit; she is the serious artist and friend of artistry fighting off a brutal world. The result is sometimes an excess of patrician sentimentality, of emotional buttons being pushed in an unhappy drawing room. For the outsider she may therefore be easier to take as the devotedly mannered Edith of the early life, but to do so is in part to misrepresent her.

In this collection, aside from insights into the life, are comments about dozens of writers and their work (especially poignant are the letters about Wilfred Owen and Dylan Thomas). Amid the tragedies appears a brief but comic account of her meeting with Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso: "nobody can *ever* tell *what* they will do next. (But they can be relied upon to do it!)" After the Ginsberg-Corso departure a friend provided "such really terrifying information [about them] that I took to my bed and lay there with my mouth open, pondering."

On reading Harold Acton's first volume of memoirs (1904-1939), "Cyril Connelly would not speak to me for years . . . and Peter Quennell became ill at a country-house party when he found the book in his bedroom." Here is volume two, published separately, needing a prefatory summary of Acton's earlier past and the Acton lineage, and conducive to sadness rather than illness. Like Dame Edith, Acton speaks as a patrician, but concludes defensively: "I am aware that I am privileged, that I belong to a vanished period: entangled in the past as I am, I have no desire to belong to any other – unless it were the middle of the eighteenth century." The scene shifts constantly – China, Italy, France, England, America – but the preoccupation with art's losses to war and Porlock is always present.

There are genuinely bright moments, particularly those with snobbish Evelyn Waugh; and to have lived as Acton has lived, among exiled nobility, art collectors, the rich, idle and sometimes talented is to have an edge on most of us. At the center of it all is his home and birthplace, Villa La Pietra, Florence.

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The Money Givers
by Joseph Goulden

(Random House; $8.95)

This is not "an examination of the myths and realities of foundation philanthropy in America." It is a collage – colorful, patchy. There were an estimated 24,000 foundations in America at the end of 1969 (total worth, $18 billion). They gave away $1.6 billion. What they gave it for and what good the grants did, if any, are questions that get only the sketchiest answers. Describing the origins, purposes and accomplishments of "philanthropoids," Mr. Goulden has a good eye for the bad apple, but innovative and constructive programs are slighted. He notes that some large foundations have had a bad habit of sitting on their wealth; they deserve lambasting. But he glosses over the fact that foundations will give away this year not only their income, but 4.5 percent of their capital, and by 1975, the mandatory figure for capital expenditure will be six percent; so the Congress has ordered.

"The Money Givers" leaves the sheep and goats unseparated. We never know, for example, whether the author is indicting all, most, some, or a very few when he says: "The money can be spent in almost any way that strikes the fancy of foundation trustees, and that does not violate rather loose strictures of the internal revenue code." There are kind words for Ford (under McGeorge Bundy), the Stern Family Fund and the Field Foundation; but his admiration rises only to the level of the remark that foundations "cannot be dismissed as totally worthless." Funny stories, not all of them familiar, are told of very wealthy men who set up these tax exempt institutions, largely, one gathers, from the most ignoble motives ("thus are images scrubbed clean.") They were skinflints, robbers, racists, reactionaries. Goulden hands down verdicts like the Queen at the cricket match: "For guaranteed perpetuity and lack of measurable accomplishment, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace . . . is in a class by itself." No evidence is submitted to support that death sentence. He judges that the "major requirement" of foundation managers is "compatibility with the rich and near rich"; they are the "watchdogs of wealth" – a statement

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Charlotte Observer
Book Review — March 15, 1970

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that ought to shock conservative congressional critics of foundations. "The prototypal foundation trustee," Mr. Goulden reports, "is a man in his sixties, who was graduated from a private college and either practices law or has a business in the immediate vicinity of his foundation's home base. He is the personification of the WASP ethos dominant in America in the second half of the twentieth century. His politics, if stated, are moderate Republican. His skin is white . . ." etc. Prototypal possibly. But at least one active foundation ignored by the author has seven trustees, two of whom are black, two women; none is a practicing lawyer or business man, none is known to be a Republican.

A superficial, gossipy book.

The Buddy System
by Michael Hoffman

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $4.95)

Here's a short, fast, achingly funny first novel about a familiar fellow – adolescent-on-the-eve-of-maturity. Buddy Solloway is white, smokes pot, lives in Philadelphia, fights with his father; in other words, no more interesting than Tom, Dick or Harry – except that he is. Mr. Hoffman has a fine ear for speech, tight control of his narrative, and a talent for creating characters (even the over-thirties) who aren't drawn from sociological models. The sexy dustjacket is misleading, because it's tasteless. If Mr. Hoffman doesn't write more novels, he's cheating himself and us.

Gertrude Stein in Pieces
by Richard Bridgman

(Oxford University Press; $12.50)

Gertrude Stein was the writer's teacher more than the public's author, and in one instance, Hemingway, the pupil repaid her after her death with nasty contempt. She saw things as they are and tried to describe them in their essences as well as their outlines. She could never have enough flattery and was honest about it. She once said a writer wants three things – "praise, praise, praise." Because she was a fascinating conversationalist, and lived in Paris among some of the most exciting artists of her time, a lot of the writing about her is anecdotal, discussing the woman more than her work. But she did work, hard, from 1903 to 1946, and a glance at Mr. Bridgeman's list of her published novels, portraits, plays, memoirs and essays shows how productive she was. "Gertrude Stein in Pieces" is by far the most intelligent analysis of Miss Stein's development as a writer that we have had. It is a splendid piece of scholarship – lucid, comprehensive, plausible.

Correspondence

Drugs for Children

Sirs:

Speculations on the motives of politicians is not only a national sport, but it is perhaps a fundamental purpose of a free press. However, the speculations of Harlan Vinnedge in your March 13 issue ("Politicians Who Would Practice Medicine") as to why I was, and continue to be, alarmed at behavioral modification drugs for grammar school children is very strange on the pages of *The New Republic*, given its long and admirable record of resisting technological, administrative, and legislative incursions into the sanctuaries provided to each American by the Bill of Rights. . . .

1. One short week after hearings [*September, 1970*], Dr. Edward Zigler, Director of the Office of Child Development at HEW, announced a "blue ribbon" panel on the issue with the following "thundering" words: The panel would ". . . inform educators that perhaps it is as much a problem of the kind of schoolroom children have to adjust to rather than what is wrong" with the nervous systems of the children.

2. In response to my letter, HEW Secretary Richardson said on November 3, 1970: "I am in total agreement with your last recommendation that studies focusing on other medications to control the behavior of hyperactive children should be mounted." He referred to medications other than the amphetamines which were a major

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source of my concern during the first phase of our hearings.

3. On March 5, 1971 it was announced that the Department of Justice is taking administrative steps to list methamphetamine and the other amphetamines in schedule II of the Drug Abuse Act of 1970. This information, contained in a letter to me, was crucial to the drugs to children question because no one can now say how many children are being treated with this method: Estimates range from 150,000 to 300,000. Increased prescription reporting procedures mandated under schedule II will at least allow us to know where we are, before the anticipated "zoom" to perhaps 30 percent of the grammar school population.

4. Mr. Vinnedge repeats the most glaring omission in HEW's testimony before our hearing when he implies that there is absolute agreement within the medical community on the desirabiltiy and efficacy of drug therapy. Two contraindications: First, Dr. Francis Crinella who received Office of Education support for his study, concludes that the diagnosis of Minimal Brain Dysfunction "has become one of our most fashionable forms of consensual ignorance"; and, second, the American Academy of Pediatrics concluded in July 1970 that "a valid evaluation of response and objective comparision of the effectiveness of drugs administered in an attempt to mitigate or lessen learning impediments becomes impossible."

5. Mr. Vinnedge leaves the impression that the first phase of our hearings was totally devoted to people attacking behavioral modification drugs. A cursory glance at the witness list discloses that of the 14 people who appeared before us on Sept. 29, 1970, nine strongly support this treatment modality and one, Dr. John Peters of the University of Arkansas, has prescribed amphetamines for his own child.

Cornelius E. Gallagher, MC

In reply . . .

1. The blue ribbon panel under the Office of Child Development published their report last month, stating that the therapies may be continued under the proper safeguards. The people who are researching and developing this therapy have never suggested that it should be conducted under anything but the proper safeguards.

2. I am in full agreement with Secretary Richardson's comments in his letter of November 3, 1970. What is more important is that nothing has been developed that would suggest that the researchers are not also in accord with this position.

3. Placing amphetamines and related drugs on schedule II is an excellent step. A reference to page 16 of the Gallagher hearing will show the uncertainty surrounding the estimate of 150,000 to 300,000 patients and also to his persistent use of the word, "zoom." Even under close questioning, he was unable to convince Dr. Lipman that he was the originator of that usage.

4. I did not say or imply that there was complete agreement in the medical community on this therapy. After six months of research for the article, I am well aware of the varying opinions. My point however was and is that this is not a proper issue for treatment as a political question. Gallagher does leave a strong implication that Dr. Francis Crinella is a medical doctor. His PhD is from LSU and is in psychology.

5. I did not leave any impression with respect to the bias of the hearing; I stated that neither medical researchers nor parents of children under this type of therapy had testified. There is an error of fact in the comment about Dr. John Peters; he prescribed Ritalin not an amphetamine. Since the hearing did not develop the reason for this prescription, I think Congressman Gallagher invaded the privacy of Dr. Peters and his child when he began that line of questioning in the hearing and continues to invade it when he discusses it in a national magazine.

Harlan H. Vinnedge

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Sex Roles

Sirs:

Steven Kelman painted a rosy picture of the Swedish sex-role debate ("Sweden's Liberated Men and Women," March 13), but he failed to mention the activities of individuals such as Barbro Backberger, author of *The Deformed Female Ideal*, Gunnel Granlid, Irene Matthis and organizations like Grupp 8 and the Revolutionary Women's League. These women would not be so quick to proclaim victory. They've found, instead, that each little reform only exposes a more deeply rooted problem. For instance, employers have responded eagerly to the request for more part-time jobs, because part-time workers (mostly female) make up a cheap labor force that's not entitled to all the fringe benefits available to full-time workers.

While the government has committed itself orally to the principle of universal day care, there are facilities for only 5 percent of all the preschool children in Sweden. Grupp 8 sets the minimum age at six months, rather than three years.

The abortion problem is not yet resolved. Sweden has a liberalized law requiring so much red tape that even women who qualify often can't get abortions within the low-risk period. And women who don't qualify still have to resort to unsafe, illegal means.

The principle of equal employment opportunity has been established. Grupp 8 is attempting to put it into practice by demanding unemployment compensation and free training for all women who want to work but can't. This would benefit those who have children at home but no day care facilities, those who have no job skills because of previous discriminatory educational policies, those who married early without acquiring an independent means of support, and those who just plain can't find jobs.

Many women question whether dividing household tasks between two people, as the government's campaign suggests, will really make a substantial difference. They propose, instead, the building of *kollektivhus*, apartment complexes with common dining rooms, housekeeping services, laundries and child care centers.

Mr. Kelman gives the impression that the antihousewife remark attributed to Camilla Odhnoff was an isolated slip of the tongue. Actually, one of the most frequently discussed questions is whether marriage should continue to be a means of financial support. Eva Moberg herself has suggested that the "housewife system" be abolished. Another liberal, Monica Boëthius, has written a book called *Can We Afford Housewives?* that outlines the institution's effect on the national economy. Socialist women offer a class analysis: the housewife system allows women with wealthy husbands to choose between home and career, but it forces lower-class women to take on both.

In regard to the change in terminology which Mr. Kelman interprets as a sign of progress, Gunnel Granlid writes: ". . . we in Sweden began to discuss 'the sex-role question' instead of 'the woman question' and . . . we heard radicals declare in debates and articles, 'there is no woman question. . . . the status of women is a social question that concerns men to an equal degree,' (but) I know that many politicians breathed a sign of relief: thank heavens, now we no longer have to bother with that troublesome thing called 'the woman question.' . . . 'The woman question' was quickly swept under the rug. The division of roles between the sexes immediately became more interesting than the analysis of the situation of women in a male-dominated society."

Cheri Register
University of Chicago

Sirs:

"Sweden's Liberated Men and Women" (NR, March 13, 1971), by Steven Kelman, is a peculiar mixture of factual reporting and male sexist bias. Mr. Kelman says the cry of *male chauvinism* is "shrill" – i.e., it makes him uncomfortable. To me it is heartfelt and, judging by his offensively condescending tone, quite accurate. His language reveals his hostility: he conveniently foists off on the Swedes his own opinion that the term *women's liberation* is a "barbarity." Organized women are a "sex-role Mafia"; is this a tipoff to his fears of domination? The censored sketch of an aproned mother baking cookies is "inoffensive" only to one who accepts sex-role stereotypes. Swedish women are implicitly criticized for somehow quietly sneaking their revolution past the public, while the American lib movement is simultaneously implied to be uncouth. If the hostile clichés held by many others besides Mr. Kelman, the notions of women's lib as bra-burning leading to "a uniform sexless disaster," are to be changed, everyone's consciousness needs to be raised.

Muriel Kranowski
Roanoke, Va.

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Anti-Catholic Bias

Sirs:

John Deedy's argument ("Should Catholic Schools Survive," March 13) may be summed up as follows: (1) since the Catholic schools cause bickering among Catholics, and (2) since they are a financial drain on parish resources that could be spent on other worthy projects, therefore all truly liberal Catholics should be willing to see the Catholic schools discontinued. . . . May I point out that his argument ignores many issues which should be painstakingly considered in any article which presumes to entitle itself "Should Catholic Schools Survive." I would like to see, for example, a carefully documented article exposing the hiring and promotion practices in the public schools that discriminate *de facto* though no longer *de jure* against Roman Catholics. Since Catholics must and do support these schools with their tax money, they should by rights be hired and promoted in these schools on a legally-defined, equal basis. Yet the number of Catholic teachers who are employed in the state schools is disproportionately low compared to the

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number of Catholic children, adolescents and young adults who attend these same schools. I would like also to see a carefully documented article exploring the pro-Protestant, nativist cultural biases in presumably "neutral" subjects such as history and literature as taught in the public schools. As a result of such biases the white ethnic Catholic student suffers just as does the black student from a lack of self-knowledge, self-esteem and cultural identity. Like blacks, Catholics should have a fair and proportionate voice in determining the curriculum and the content of textbooks used in the public schools. Until the public schools can recognize and provide for this need on the part of the white ethnic minority student, rather than trying to assimilate him into the predominantly Protestant culture and value system, the Catholic schools serve a desirable and perhaps a necessary purpose. It is easy for fourth-generation, suburbanite, upper-middle-class, Irish Catholic intellectuals to forget the needs of their less affluent and educated Catholic brothers.

Helen Ratner
Wayne State University

Academy Graduates

Sirs:

As graduates of the United States Military, Naval, Coast Guard, Merchant Marine and Air Force Academies, and as veteran officers of World War II, the Korean War and the Indo-China War, we think it is time to set the record straight on the military situation in Southeast Asia. The facts are these:

The Cambodian invasion was a costly failure. The war was extended to another civilian population; some rice and ammunition were destroyed; but the North Vietnamese forces retired intact.

American casualties have been low in recent months because American forces have been ordered not to fight; they have been ordered not to fight in order to keep casualties low.

American troops' *esprit de corps* has never been lower. When GIs kill one another with grenades or die from heroin overdoes at the rate of two a day, there can be no doubt that they too wonder about this war.

The administration's plan for withdrawal from Vietnam is a token measure of interminable duration. It will remain that way as long as it is dependent upon "vietnamization" and upon the prior release of American POWs. The only way to make the South Vietnamese self-sufficient and the only way to achieve the release of our prisoners is to withdraw from Vietnam.

The invasion of Laos and the reckless talk of South Vietnamese generals about an invasion of North Vietnam are extreme dangers because they are direct steps toward an American-Chinese confrontation.

Concerned Academy Graduates urge an end to this madness now. We urge support for congressional curtailment of this war through measures such as the Hatfield-McGovern amendment. We urge the American people to move decisively while there is still time for decision.

Jerry Seidman, Secretary
Concerned Academy Graduates
San Francisco, Calif.

Gaitskell Biographer

Sirs:

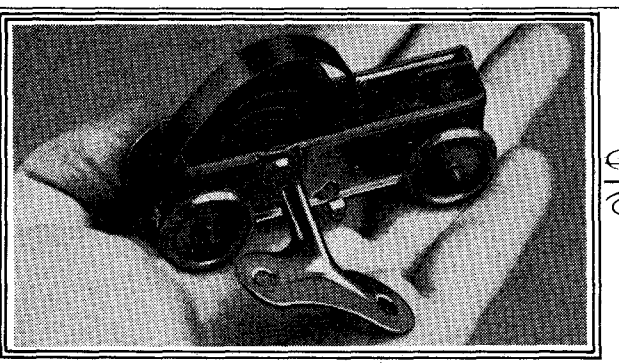
I am engaged on the authorized biography of the late Hugh Gaitskell. If any of your readers have letters from him in their possession I should be most grateful to be allowed to see them. All letters sent will be acknowledged, copied and in due course returned, and no extracts will be published without permission.

P. M. Williams
Nuffield College, Oxford, England

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

has an arrogance toward the *need* to have a fresh idea.

Lucas has clearly made his bet on his cinematic display, and to his credit, he sustains interest on that score for about fifteen minutes. Disregard the collegiate jape of beginning with a Buck Rogers clip and then having the credits roll downward – as if this departure from rolling them upward made a particle of difference – and then we get a



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pretty good initial display of splintery quick editing, with blue filters, white-on-white figures, computer printouts, wall-size TV, capsule meals, robot policemen, and so on. All this is somewhat entertaining for a while, despite the derivations from *2001*, despite the mimicking of *Alphaville* by using modern structures (garages, vehicular tunnels) as buildings of the future.

But Lucas would have to be one of the great geniuses of film history to hold us this way for 90 minutes, to keep us from discovering that he really doesn't have a clue as to why he made this picture, other than that he wanted to crack the whip at this cinema circus, and that he's patched together this old story as an arena.

Donald Pleasence is an opportunist of the future and seems to spend his time wondering what the hell he's doing or meaning, looking guileful the while. Robert Duvall, as THX, has headaches quite a lot. Maggie McOmie, the heroine, has freckles. Together the trio do little to clarify and nothing to convince. Even the ending is meaninglessly upbeat. Suppose the hero did escape from the seamless underground world into the sunlight; how could he possibly hide from those super intelligences below?

"Shut your mind and open your eyes," films of this type suggest. "Nuts," is what I suggest in return. A great many good films ask us to keep our minds *and* eyes open; so why should we put up with this latter-day fiddle? Lucas has expanded his short, all right, and with some finesse, but he doesn't show that it was worth expanding.

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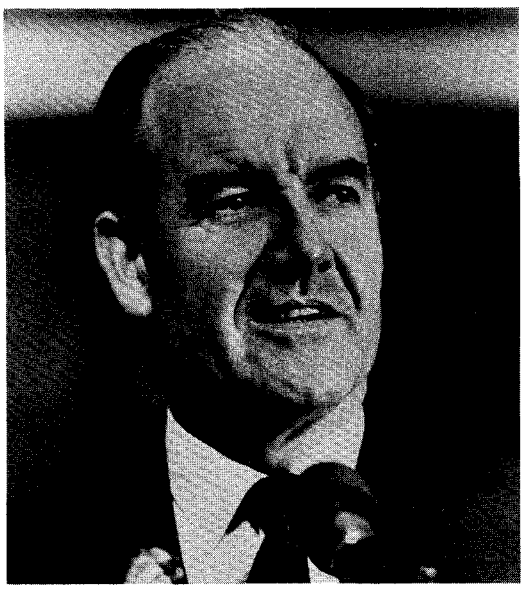

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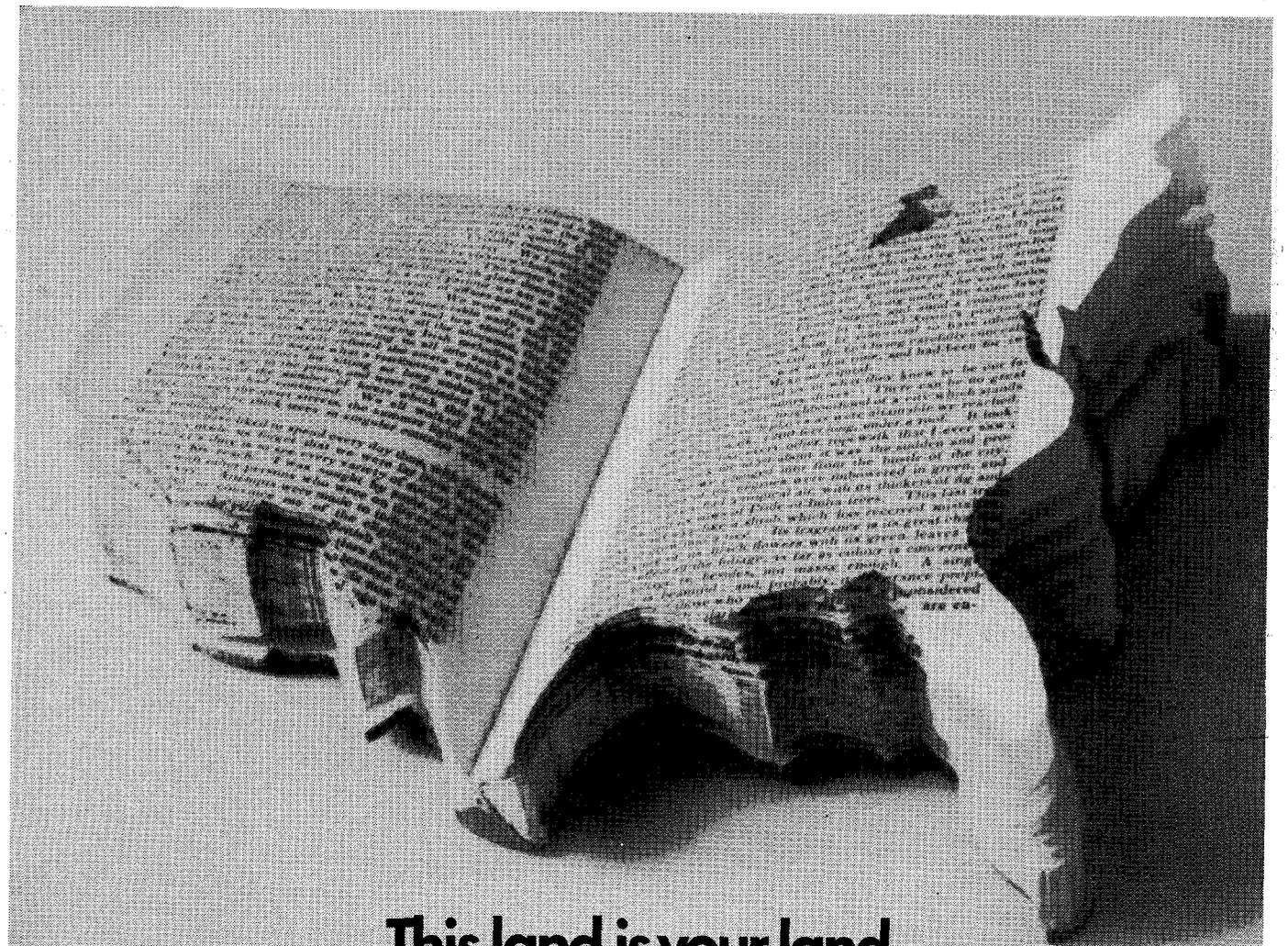

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